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THE FIRST AND LAST BIRTHDAY.

"Not to-day, George, but to-morrow week," said Mrs. Coventry.

"And why to-morrow week, Sarah?" replied her husband.

"Can't you guess, sir?" rejoined Mrs. Coventry, in a tone of assumed rebuke.

"To-morrow week—to-morrow week," he repeated, as if really endeavoring to task his memory—"to-morrow week is"—

"The second of June, sir," interrupted Mrs. Coventry, in the same tone of playful displeasure.

"Oh! I remember now—aye, to be sure—to-morrow week is the second of June—and the second of June—isn't that the second anniversary of our wedding-day, love?"

"Yes, dear George, and the *first* birthday of my sweet boy," folding the infant which she held in her arms rapturously to her bosom.

"The *first* birthday of our *first* child," said he, with a sly emphasis on the word "*first*."

"Of our *first* and *ONLY* child," murmured Mrs. Coventry, with an emphasis equally marked, but far different in expression; while, as she spoke, she clasped it to her with a mournful eagerness, as if she then felt it was a precious, but destined to be a solitary, treasure.

There was this feeling at her heart. She could not account for it; she could not get rid of it; but whenever, in those fond anticipations which are among the brightest visions of early wedded life,

they talked of their future family, and of what their domestic plans should be, as their family increased, she always seemed to have a foreboding that this boy would alone be spared to her; that whatever other children she might have, they would only pass through a short existence to the grave. At first, her husband ridiculed the presentiment; it was too strong, however, for ridicule to overthrow, and gradually became too sad for it to approach. It was no less inaccessible to reasoning; for all that affection could obtain, was the tender assurance she would try to think of it as little as possible.

And who were George and Sarah Coventry? The reader shall know all that I know myself respecting them.

George Coventry was found one summer's evening under a hawthorn tree, sewed up in a hand-basket. The person who found him was an eccentric old bachelor, of the name of Price Williams, who was very fond of nightingales; and there was a coppice, about a quarter of a mile from his house, which the nightingales loved to frequent. Hither he would betake him about sunset; and seated at the foot of this hawthorn, listen to the ravishing melody of the lone songstress till his maid *Jemima* came to tell him supper was ready, at the hearing of which, he was never known to tarry another minute for the sweetest dea-

cant that ever rolled, rich and musical, from a nightingale's throat. On the evening in question, he found his seat pre-occupied by the little stranger ; and Jemima was infinitely perplexed, as she saw her master returning so soon with a basket in his hand, which at a distance appeared like her own market-basket. But her own market-basket was hanging in its place, behind the kitchen door. It was clear, therefore, the basket belonged to somebody else, though she knew of nobody who had such a kind of basket but widow Pugh, of Rosebank cottage ; and widow Pugh, as she remarked to herself, "lived in a clean opposite direction to the nightingales."

Meanwhile, the old gentleman stalked on, stately and sedate, with this puzzling basket, which he seemed to carry with much care ; a circumstance that naturally increased Jemima's perplexity. He passed into the house through the front door, instead of through the kitchen, as he was commonly wont to do. This was adding fuel to the fire of curiosity that already burned fiercely enough in Jemima's breast. He entered his room. She heard him talking to himself. Presently his bell rung, and Jemima was the most punctual of servants in answering it.

"See whether this is a boy or girl," said he, pointing to the infant, which he had taken out of the basket, and laid upon the table. "If it is a boy," he continued, "we'll nurse it between us ; if a girl, it shall go to the parish."

"Lord, sir !" exclaimed Jemima, lifting up her hands in astonishment, "I dare say it is nothing but a by-blow !"

"Well, sir," continued Jemima, looking in the infant's face, "I can't tell whether it is boy or girl, for my part—not I—but I dare say it is one or the other, for it is God's providence that these things when they come, never come out of nature."

"No," said her master, scratching behind his left ear ; "they are all in nature, Jemima."

"Poor little thing !" she added, "it is for all the world just like a wax doll in a sweet sleep. I'll be sworn it is a girl, it is so quiet, and looks so innocent."

It happened unfortunately for Jemima's characteristics of her sex, that at this moment Mr. Williams unpinned from the bosom of the infant a piece of paper, till then unperceived by him, on which were written these words, in a small but legible hand—"George Coventry, —preserve the name, whatever fate betide the bearer of it."

Mr. Williams adhered to his declaration, save that he and Jemima did not nurse the boy between them. Inquiries were instituted to discover the parents, but they proved unsuccessful. There were those, indeed, who hinted, that if the old gentleman could find out the mother, they would be bound to name the father—an insinuation which always greatly scandalized Jemima, who was not without a theory of her own, however, to explain cause and effect ; for, as little George grew up, she discovered a striking likeness between him and sundry "hussies" of the place, whom, as she said, "she could not abide to look upon." Nay, on one occasion, she went so far as to remark to her master, that "the rogue was getting just such a double chin as the vicar, and was wonderfully like him too, when he had his black pinafore on." But she never ventured to repeat this, after the old gentleman admonished her she was liable to do penance in a white sheet in the parish church, for speaking slander.

When George was in his fifteenth year, his benefactor died, leaving him well provided for ; though the legacy was subject to sundry whimsical conditions. Among other things, it was required that "he should make choice of the army or navy, but must embrace one of those services within twelve months after

the testator's death;" and, that "the principal of the legacy should be at his entire disposal when he was forty, provided he was then a bachelor, and changed his name from George Coventry, to George Hawthorn Nightingale, in commemoration of the circumstances attending his discovery." In default of any one of these, besides many other strange conditions, the property depending upon them, which amounted to some thousands, was "to be divided between any twelve men his executors might select, having each of them a wooden leg, and being bachelors above the age of fifty."

George entered the army, obtained a majority before he was five-and-twenty, and up to that period contrived to steer clear of all the rocks and shoals placed in his course by the humorous ingenuity of his protector. But then it was he first saw Sarah Cecil, a portionless orphan, whose asylum was under the roof of as gentle a creature as Charity ever called to her divine ministry. The grace and beauty of Miss Cecil's person, great as they were, were poor in comparison with that purity of heart, and simplicity of character, which, while they threw a lustre around her moral nature, heightened the fascination of her charms. Deliberation soon became solemn mummery with Major Coventry. Yet would he take himself very seriously to task, for fitting on chains, every link of which, he knew, must cost him its weight in gold, if once fairly riveted. They were riveted; and he was bound hand and foot, long before he came to the resolution of making a vigorous resistance. In short, when he was only six-and-twenty, he renounced all substantial advantages of fortune as George Hawthorn Nightingale, Esq., at forty—and, by the same act which made him the happiest of men, showered down unexpected felicity upon twelve of his fellow-creatures, living in single blessedness and sin-

gle leggedness. And so perfect, so all-sufficient was his happiness, that never once had a shadow of regret stolen over his mind at a sacrifice, the very existence of which, from motives of the purest delicacy, he had carefully abstained from mentioning to Mrs. Coventry.

And what was the subject of discourse between them, which she desired might be postponed till the morrow week?

A mere trifle—but one of those trifles that identify themselves with some of the dearest feelings of the heart. He had seen a pair of amber bracelets in a jeweller's shop,—the price was moderate; and he wished Mrs. Coventry to say whether she liked the pattern, before he bought them. "I need not go to look at them," said she, when the conversation was resumed, "for you know, George, I always prefer your taste to my own; but give them to me to-morrow week, and then they will be sanctified by the recollection of the two happiest days my life has yet known." A gentle pressure of the hand which he held in his, and a smile that told of sinless idolatry, were his only answer.

On the evening of this anticipated morrow—of this day of promised blissful remembrance, Major and Mrs. Coventry strolled into the fields which surrounded their pleasant suburban dwelling. George was more than usually thoughtful and silent during the walk,—that is, he was less than usually cheerful and animated; for such was his general flow of spirits, that a very slight abatement of their intensity, produced, from the force of the contrast, the effect of extreme dejection. At first, Mrs. Coventry feared he was ill; but that apprehension removed, she strove to rally him out of his pensive mood. Her efforts were partially successful. He laughed; he talked more gaily; but she fancied there was a sadness in his laugh, a forced buoyancy in his conversation. She fan-

cied, too, though she knew not why, there was an earnestness, a tender solicitude, in his manner, like that which the sense of past unkindness, or the secret consciousness that we may soon be denied all power to lavish kindness upon a beloved object, sometimes inspires. From such promptings, come the silent, heart-breaking endearments of the slowly dying. The kiss, the embrace, the unwearied indulgence, are all so many gentle farewells of the soul; so many fond and lingering repetitions of pleasure, each of which may be the last, while each that is, springs from deeper and deeper yearnings of the parting spirit.

As they ascended a small eminence, a range of landscape spread before them, bathed in the liquid and trembling lustre of a setting sun. It was a gorgeous spectacle. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed, pausing to gaze around; "how beautiful!—But who, that knew he was to die to-morrow, could look upon a scene like this, and feel the serene holiness of mind it inspires? Yet there are eyes—aye, and of thousands—now bent on that glorious orb, which shall never see it rise—while some, though spared till then, shall be closed in death ere it sets again!"

There was a mystery in all this, as well as in his general deportment during the remainder of the evening, which attracted the observation, rather than excited the fears, of Mrs. Coventry. She believed something had occurred to vex him; what it was, she did not seek to know, because, from the unreserved confidence on all subjects that subsisted between them, she was aware the cause of his present disquiet, whatever it might be, was one which, for reasons she had no desire to scrutinize, he evidently did not then wish to disclose.

On the following morning, he rose somewhat earlier than his accustomed hour, to take his usual walk before breakfast. While wait-

ing for his return, a livery servant rode up to the door, delivered a letter, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off immediately towards London. The letter was for Mrs. Coventry, and in the handwriting of her husband! Its contents confounded her.

"MY BELOVED SARAH,

"Come to me without loss of time. I would spare you the shock—but I shall be happier when I hear from your own lips that you will bear your trial with resignation. Come, the instant you receive this. Lose not a moment, I beseech you."

She neither wept nor raved, as, with bloodless cheek, and a palpitating heart, she read these fearful words. "What *can* have happened?" breathed in a stifled whisper, was all that fell from her; and she pressed her hand upon her brow, to quell the furious beating of her temples. The next instant, hastily folding up the letter, she prepared to obey its melancholy summons.

A postscript directed her whither she was to go; a post-chaise was soon at the door; and silent, as one bereaved of speech, tearless, as the infant that sleeps its first sleep of life beside its joyful mother, this grief-stricken creature, who had hailed that morning with strangely blended feelings of bridal and maternal pride and happiness, now pursued her sad journey! The distance was but a few miles. In less than half-an-hour she was at the place indicated—a small road-side public-house. There, in a low white-washed room, meanly furnished, dark and dirty, laid on a miserable bed in one corner, she saw—no—the ghastly object before her, so hideously disfigured, she could not believe was the same idolized being who had quitted her side, only a few short hours, high in health, and in the full flush of manly grace and vigor. But that outstretched hand—and the motion of it, for her to approach, and the piteous expression of those eyes, which still spoke a language whose mute

eloquence had so often thrilled through her soul, revealed the appalling truth. And then it was, the anguish she had borne so meekly burst forth. She clasped the extended hand—she looked at the mutilated face—she knew her husband—and her agony was expressed in loud lamentations and long weeping.

While she mourned, George Coventry breathed his last. He had gone out that morning to fight a duel—the challenger, not the challenged. Two shots were exchanged; the seconds interfered; but Major Coventry was immovable; he would not acknowledge he had received satisfaction till one or both pistols took effect. In the third fire, the ball of Captain Beverley struck him in the mouth, shattered it frightfully, and taking an oblique direction, passed out behind the left ear. He fell; was conveyed to the nearest public-house; and a surgeon sent for, who immediately pronounced upon the mortal nature of the wound. When he heard this, he signified by motions that he wished for pen, ink, and paper. The first thing he wrote was, “Can I be removed home?” The surgeon assured him that any attempt to move him would hasten his death, by increasing the effusion of blood. He then, with much difficulty, traced the few lines to his wife. They were given to Captain Beverley’s servant to convey, and he was ordered by his master to proceed afterwards to town, with all possible speed, and return with an eminent surgeon whom he named.

Here were havoc and desolation! A noble heart, struck at by death—a gentle and a loving one, smote by sorrow, even in the fulness of its joy! Alas! there is no treachery in life so to be feared, as the treachery of life itself. The day that has passed prosperously, let it challenge our gratitude; but for the coming one, wrapped in shadows, welcome it with trembling. Each minute has its allotted dispensation of mis-

ery to countless thousands. This we know, and it is all. Who among us is warned of that which brings his own?

It was a sharp aggravation of the sufferings of Mrs. Coventry, that her husband’s wound disabled him from speaking. To have heard his voice once more—to have been blessed by him—to have received his parting benediction for their child, would, she vainly imagined, have been some mitigation; though, in truth, her incessant recurrence to this thought was only the melancholy indulgence of that strange pleasure which sorrow finds (for sorrow has its voluptuous enjoyments) in cherishing itself, in deepening the sources of its tears, and in refusing to be comforted.

In the evening of this miserable day, as she sat weeping by her now widowed hearth, she drew aside the curtains of the cradle where her infant slept. They had been tastefully ornamented with festoons of white satin ribbon—a portion of that same ribbon which had adorned herself at the altar—thus, in all her thoughts, still mingling those two blissful recollections of her short life of happiness—the bride and the mother. They were recollections still; but blissful ones no more. Every feeling that had made them so, seemed blotted from her heart by that sudden affliction which had destroyed their living source. She bent over the slumbering innocent, and, in a voice that bespoke the depth of her anguish, exclaimed, “Our ONLY child! I ever knew it would be thus!” Then, after a pause, during which she had gazed without a tear, she added, in a lower tone, but breathed with such touching tenderness as might seem a pitying angel, “Poor soul!—and this is thy FIRST birthday? An orphan, now, in thy very cradle—a thing hereafter for charity’s cold smiles! God be merciful to thee, my sweet boy, when I am gone!”

God was merciful. He strength-

ened the fainting spirit of the mourner; and she lived to shelter her "only one" from that cold smile of charity, which proud benevolence, or compassion, kindled at the shrine of duty, bestows on the unfortunate. The burden was heavy, but not insupportable; the trial was exceeding tribulation, but not utter despair; for He who sent them, vouchsafed fortitude to bear the one, and breathed hope into the soul to assuage the other.

It was, in truth, a severe blow. THE COTTAGE, with all its endearing recollections as her first connubial home,—with all those attachments which the mind forms even to inanimate objects, when some circumstance or other, still fondly remembered, gives them a place in the heart,—had to be relinquished for an humble lodging in the outskirts of the metropolis. Here Mrs. Coventry took up her abode, as poor as virtue, and almost as friendless; for she shunned, rather than sought—not from false pride, but from proud economy—those who, in her better days, had been the guests or acquaintance of her husband. This resolution was early taken, and it was easily kept. There were many who expressed their wonder as to "what had become of poor Mrs. Coventry and her child;" but none who devoted half-an-hour to inquiries which would have conducted them to the widow's dwelling. All were "sorry that so amiable and excellent a creature—so gifted and so fascinating too—should have met with such a bad reverse, and wished they knew how they could serve her;" but they bore their sorrow with edifying resignation, and exhibited an exemplary forbearance in not seeking to gratify their wishes. A few short months saw the end of their wondering, their sorrowing, and their wishing; and if "poor Mrs. Coventry and her child" had lived and died during the Saxon Heptarchy, they could scarcely have been less remembered.

Small as was the pittance on which she had now to subsist, she contrived, by such self-denials as are known only to honorable poverty, to put aside a little, every year, as a sacred fund for her child's education, when he should be of an age to derive full benefit from instructions, which she well knew would be too costly to be defrayed out of her current income. This plan was commenced long before she could possibly judge whether his natural endowments would repay her provident love. But it seemed to impress upon that love the inspiration of a higher power, when, as he advanced in years, there was an unequivocal development of mental faculties surpassing her most sanguine expectations.

Charles Coventry was, indeed, no "common boy." Still less was he one of those very common prodigies, who astonish us while they are ten years old, and *because* they are ten years old, but grow up every-day men and women; little run-aways and stragglers, who get the start of Time at the beginning of their journey, and when overtaken by the steady old gentleman, find themselves left behind all the rest of it. Nature had been prodigal in her gifts. There was much of youthful beauty in his person; and he was gentle in his disposition, save when crossed, as he might think, capriciously or spitefully; and then, the haughtiest rebel to submission which a proud and daring spirit ever made. He had great energy of character; felt on the instant what it was he would like to do, and on the instant determined whether and how he would do it. At school, remarkable rather for certainty than celerity in his studies, his class-fellows would sometimes take the lead, and keep it for a while, but in the end he was always above them, and never lost an inch of ground he once gained. His reading was of everything; a book was a book to him, as any meat is a meal to a hungry man;

and before he was twelve years old, he had read, "The Whole Duty of Woman," "Salmon's Chirurgery," "A Brief Treatise of Testaments and Last Wills," "Hobbes's Decameron Physiologicum," and an "Alphabetical Book of Physical Secrets," which were the property, and happened to be the entire library, of the old lady in whose house his mother lodged.

It would feebly express Mrs. Coventry's feelings, as she watched the opening character of her son, simply to say, they were a parent's. When all the love of which the heart is capable, is concentrated upon one object—when all those sympathies and affections which embrace husband, kindred, children, friends, are called home, as it were, and made to twine themselves about a single being, it is hardly possible to conceive the degree of their intensity. This was her case. Had the boy been as much beneath the ordinary standard of personal and mental excellence, as he was certainly above it, it is not likely there would have been one jot of abatement in this intensity, for love sees more perfections than the judgment can catalogue. But, challenging admiration, as he did, from strangers; the theme of praise with all; the favorite of every one, what could a proud and happy mother do, but, as she gathered in this tribute, adding it to the store which was already great, let her heart o'erflow with its joyful treasure? And she did so, even to the excess that brings agony; for she grew a worshiper of that, which, as "a vapor, appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." She could hardly be said to live, or have her being, in any sense distinct from the life of her darling boy; and the thought of what a shadow it was in which her soul found its sum of earthly contentment, would often make her most sad in her very happiest moments. Her constant prayer to Heaven was, that she might live to see him take root where he

was to flourish, when she herself should decay and go down to the grave.

The humble fortune of which Major Coventry was possessed at his death, consisted of bank stock, and his widow empowered a Mr. Lionel Cranfield to receive the dividends for her as they fell due. Mr. Cranfield was a *money-getter*; one of those men in whose eyes every thing has a money value, or none at all. Money was his god; nor was it ever the less acceptable, because a little dirty, from the channels through which it flowed. What he would *not* do to get it, no one had ever discovered; what he would, all who knew him could tell. The sordid taint ran through every action of his life. But what then? He paid his debts, so he was duly accounted an upright man in his own circle. He had a son, who inherited in absolute perfection all his money-value notions of men and things, having been taught from his cradle to comprehend only one description of rewards and punishments in this life, the reward of sixpence if he did well, the punishment of losing it if he did ill. This son, when of a proper age, he established in the same line of business as himself; and, as he had hitherto acted for Mrs. Coventry without receiving the usual commission, he thought he might as well transfer the agency to him, calculating that Mrs. Coventry could hardly expect a young beginner to forego his profits. He was right; Mrs. Coventry cheerfully consented to pay Mr. William Cranfield, what she had never wished to withhold from Mr. Lionel Cranfield, and the latter thus got rid of a gratuitous trust, while he "put money into the purse" of his son. Little contrivances of this sort he delighted in, where, without broadly trading in dupery, he could practically overreach.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Coventry, Mr. William Cranfield, besides having all the virtues of his father, had a few vices to boot, of his own spe-

cial rearing. At the head of these was the love of gambling. Need the result be told? He lost largely. He grasped at whatever was within his reach to cover his losses. An act of forgery gave him possession of every shilling belonging to Mrs. Coventry; he absconded in time to escape the gallows, and she was ruined!

The utter destitution to which she was thus suddenly reduced, crushed the feeble remnant of that spirit which had so long buffeted with adversity. In his first terror, Mr. Cranfield (who had a sort of animal affection for his offspring) professed his eagerness to indemnify her loss, as it had been sustained in consequence of her compliance with his own wishes. But when he found that his son was beyond danger, that no halter in England was long enough to reach him, and that paying the money would benefit neither him nor himself, he offered her the loan of fifty pounds, with an assurance that he would never "trouble her," though "for mere form's sake he would take a bill of sale of her furniture." Necessity must accept, not stipulate, conditions. Mrs. Coventry, scarcely knowing what she did, and anxious only to meet present exigences, thankfully closed with what, in the humility of her indigence, she deemed the almost generous proposal of Mr. Cranfield. It was sufficient for her remaining wants in this world! Three weeks after the dreadful shock, she breathed her last.

Mr. Cranfield kept his word. He did not "trouble" the wretched sufferer. Nay, the day after her death, he employed a broker to value the furniture; and upon his estimate, gave orders, at his own cost, for a decent funeral. When this was over, he completed the sale; paid himself, (with a month's interest); paid the undertaker, (with a discount of five per cent); gave the poor orphan a guinea for pocket-money; and calculated, that the balance would nearly liquidate the

last half year's school-bill for his youngest daughter.

Charles Coventry was only fourteen when his mother died. He felt his loss, and lamented it, with more sorrow than is incident to that age; for home and mother were equivalent terms in his mind, and in losing one, he had lost both. All his thoughts, all his affections, all his wants, his pleasures, his hopes, had hitherto moved within that little circle, and revolved round the being that was its centre. There was a dreary void, a blank, a valued thing gone forever, which his young heart felt; which every moment recalled; which in sleep lay heavy upon his spirit in dim dreams; which oppressed him when he awoke; but which no reason he was yet master of could make level to his comprehension. A deep sense of his forlorn state, of his having no human creature whom he could call sister, brother, or kinsman, possessed him; and it rose to a feeling of despair almost, when he entered the rooms which were once his mother's, saw them stripped of their furniture, and looked upon the bare walls, which seemed to bid him depart, for *there* was his home no more!

But whither should he go? Young as he was, the meal which pity set before him was bitter on his lips. The bed whereon he lay was not the place of rest his own had been. The neighbors were kind, most kind; tears would often come into his eyes at what they did for him; but there was a feeling swelling at his heart which warned him he could not be, and be that which his departed mother's prophetic fears had pictured, a "thing for charity's cold smiles." Even at this early age, a haughty, impetuous spirit of independence was kindling, and silently becoming the monitor of his actions. "Is there no work that a boy can do, to get his bread?" was the question he put one day, half angrily, half proudly, to two or three benevolent persons, whom he

heard consulting about the best means of disposing of him.

Mr. Cranfield was applied to on his behalf. "I will provide for him, for the present," said he; "send him to me."

Charles was delighted, and went with alacrity. Mr. Cranfield was upon the point of engaging with a copying clerk at a guinea and a half per week, when he was spoken to about young Coventry. It immediately occurred to that thrifty philanthropist, he could confer two benefits at once—one upon Charles, and another upon himself. Instead of giving him a guinea and a half per week, he only gave him board and lodging, his cast-off clothes, and five shillings a month to spend or hoard, as he might choose; save that two out of the five were to be deducted for washing, which would be "done at home," at much less expense to Charles, and at no expense to his master.

In the drudgery, the servile drudgery, of Mr. Cranfield, (for such he made it,) the noble-minded youth remained three years. There was nothing his generous master could put him to, however menial or fatiguing, at which he repined; and there was nothing too fatiguing, or too slavish, with which to task him. Indeed, the more labor he gave, the better he was satisfied, for then he knew he earned his food, clothes, and lodging—a reflection precious to his proud nature. "I have a right to them," he would often mentally exclaim; and that sense of right would have given to a mouldy crust and a drop of water, a flavor which not the delicacies of a palace could have had for him without it. In the midst of all his toil, too, he still found time, while others slept, to lay in a store of various knowledge; devoting his three shillings a-month, not to buying books, which would have poorly fed his eager appetite for them, but to subscribing for their perusal at a large circulating library in the neighborhood.

It was to be supposed, that a mind like his, as its energies ripened, would find the vassalage of Mr. Cranfield's service insufferably irksome; and the more so, because of an increasing contempt for his sordid character. He longed for a wider and a better sphere of action; but in all his aspirations, he traced as its boundary the sturdy principle, that he would *have his worth, and no more*. "A million should not content me," he would sometimes cry, when meditating on the future, "if something within told me my price was greater; but, by the same rule, less than the least that ever satisfied a human being shall suffice me, if so it ought to be."

About this time, the second son of Mr. Cranfield left school; and as his father considered that he *must* find him in board and lodging, clothes and washing, it would be an economical arrangement to put him in the place of Charles. The advantages were so obvious, that hesitation was out of the question.

"I shall not want you, Mr. Coventry, after next Friday," was all the notification he thought it necessary to give one Monday morning.

"Very well, sir," was Charles's reply, as he continued the writing he was upon, while the curl of his lip spoke more scorn than his tongue could have uttered.

"We'll say nothing about the washing for this month," observed Mr. Cranfield, when Friday night came, and he put half-a-crown into his hand.

"It wants a fortnight of the month, sir," replied Charles calmly, as he laid the half crown upon the table. "Take your shilling, and give me my eighteenpence. To that I have a right."

Mr. Cranfield was struck with admiration. He took back the half crown, and gave him eighteenpence. "You are an honorable young man," said he, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Your heart is in the right place; you'll be a shining character yet. I trust I know how

to appreciate such delicacy of feeling. You have my best wishes for your welfare, go where you may. God bless you, and good night."

With these words the door of Mr. Cranfield was closed upon him; and with the eighteenpence in his pocket, a small bundle under his arm, and his "heart in the right place," as the worthy Mr. Cranfield observed, did Charles Coventry turn from it to "go where he might."

It was summer time; the weather sultry in the extreme; the moon shining brightly; and without knowing whither he bent his steps, without indeed thinking where he was going, for his mind was a chaos of tumultuous thoughts, he found himself in the midst of the fields. He followed the path that lay before him. It brought him into a narrow lane, with lofty trees on each side, which interlaced their branches at the top, forming a verdant canopy too thick for the moon to penetrate. He paused a moment to consider whether he should go to the right or left. He had no motive for choice, but turned mechanically to the right. He soon perceived he was ascending a somewhat steep hill, and when he gained the summit, seated himself on the trunk of a tree to take breath.

And now was the first moment he began to think. All, till now, had been a rapid succession of dreams; one unbroken series of visionary abstractions, which had passed through his mind. He burst into a loud laugh; clapped his hands, and chuckled like an over-joyed child.

"Why this is brave!" he exclaimed; "this is a golden beginning of life's journey—free as the air that blows upon me, and like it, unseen of man; unheeded by him, whence I come, or whither I go. By Jupiter! but this is the way to learn philosophy. Oh! there is no master of them all can teach it half so feelingly as this," taking the eighteenpence from his pocket, and looking at it as it lay in the palm of his hand.

"Let me ask counsel of you, my friends," he continued with a laugh. "Will you buy me a bed to-night? Aye, say ye, if I will go without a dinner to-morrow. But when to-morrow comes, there will still be a to-morrow, and another, and another, to the end of time; while thy ending will be with *the* to-morrow's sundown—and then"—

He paused suddenly; he examined closely the money he held—he chinked one piece against the other—and then burst into a louder and longer fit of laughter.

"Does the devil hoodwink his own?" he cried. "Yea, doth he; for only by such a trick could this have happened. I said right when I called it a golden beginning. It is a guinea I look upon; twenty-one shillings and sixpence; and so, twenty times a more precious philosophy than I took it to be. Now, had a man who knew the honest value of a guinea been self-cheated thus, I would retread every step I have taken to do him right; but it would be a sin to steal from so poor a wretch, in virtue, as is he who was my master, the blessings he will purchase from every want of mine which his involuntary bounty shall relieve. So to your hiding place again—and now, God speed me!"

It was very true, that Mr. Cranfield had given a guinea instead of a shilling. It is no less true, that when he discovered his mistake, he set the matter right, by withdrawing his subscription for one year from a lying-in charity to which he belonged, for the benefit of having his wife's poor relations delivered at their own houses.

The rhapsody of Charles was no sooner finished, than he sprung from his seat, and pursued his walk. The morbid excitement of his feelings had subsided; his over-heated brain no longer teemed with confused thoughts and images; the violence of the paroxysm was past, into which he had been thrown by the staggering novelty of his situation—a night wanderer, without a home,

without a friend ; without the means to procure the first ; almost without the wish to possess the second. From the moment when Mr. Cranfield's Spartan annunciation rung in his astonished ears—"I shall not want you after next Friday"—he had determined in his own mind, that that "next Friday" should be to him the hegira of his life—his point of departure in the world's voyage :—and though he knew he was to set sail without chart or compass, a sort of reckless fascination, suited to his romantic spirit, seemed to dwell upon his resolve. "I can live where there are men to serve," was his frequent exclamation during the interval : and with this feeling at its climax, he turned his back upon the door of Mr. Cranfield.

But there is a difference, which only experience discovers, between romantic intentions, and romantic performances. When we revel in the former, we are like the simple country wench, who reckoned up all the things she would buy with the produce of her pail of milk ; and when we begin the latter, we very often give the untoward kick which scatters our anticipated delights in the dust. Our hero was already approximating towards such a catastrophe. Tired, drowsy, with an inconvenient appetite, (all of them mere common propensities of vulgar mortality,) the poetical qualities of his situation were fast losing their hold upon his imagination. There was no picturesque bank of violets upon which he could repose ; no woodbine bower, the haunt of Dryads or of fairies, with a crystal stream purling through it, which invited him to seek silvan slumbers in its cool recess ; no cottage chimney, sending up its wreaths of pale-blue smoke, (the fragrant vapor of turf or greenwood bough,) between two aged trees,

"Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

In short, he was wandering some-

where on the confines of Middlesex and Berkshire, than which the deserts of Arabia are hardly less productive of the romantic in adventure, and he would fain have had his supper and gone to bed, than which there are no two conditions of existence less conducive to the romantic in feeling.

Again he seated himself by the road-side to rest, and sleep came over him. It was broad-day ere he awoke. He found he had not been, as he had imagined himself in his soliloquy on the top of the hill, "unseen of man," or "unheeded" by him. His hat and bundle were gone.

"They would have taken my money too, I warrant, if it had not been for the fear of disturbing me."

There was this fear, and therefore due precaution had been employed to do it without disturbing him. There was neither guinea nor sixpence in his pocket ! The then possessor of both, as well as of his hat and bundle, was a Scotch pedlar ; no thief by profession ; one who would not go out of his way to pick a pocket ; but one who had no virtue in his soul strong enough to resist picking up whatever came in his way.

Charles was confounded ! The color fled from his cheek, his lip quivered, and tears of vexation, rather than of grief, stood in his eyes. He who was light-hearted, and not without hope, with a fancied eighteenpence only, as his sum of worldly wealth, felt, for the moment, as if he had lost an inheritance, because now he had not a farthing ; so little capable are we of putting their true value upon either the frowns or the smiles of fortune. Despondency, however, was as foreign to his character, as it generally is to his time of life. As a matter of choice, he would rather have had his hat, his wardrobe, and his money ; as a matter of necessity, he submitted to the privation with a very good grace, after he had done what older and wiser heads are apt to do in like

cases, adopted the prudent resolution of never running the same risk again. But could he have seen himself, he would, at least, have confessed there was now something wild, romantic, and picturesque enough in his appearance. Charles Coventry was tall for his years, perhaps about five feet nine; slim, graceful in his carriage, and his figure a perfect model of symmetry; his hair, raven black, hanging in profuse natural curls over his forehead; his features decidedly handsome; of a manly cast of beauty; and their general expression denoting a haughty firmness of mind, softened only by a bewitching smile, that seemed to play perpetually round his mouth. In his gait he was erect, carrying his head far back, and stepping along with a bounding, elastic tread, as if the earth yielded to its pressure, but returned again, with force, to give it a more vigorous spring.

Such a rover, unbonneted, untended, wandering the highways, like a denizen of their vagrant liberties, could not be expected to pass along and rouse no wonder; fortunately for him, he roused something more than wonder in one who saw him. He came to a small village, after a walk of nearly fifteen miles, so faint with hunger, that further he felt he could not go, and sat down upon a large stone, which seemed the fragment of some ancient cross, just at the entrance of it. He had wholly forgotten the singularity of his appearance, till it was recalled to his recollection by observing a group of children gazing at him from behind a barn-door, and by noticing the blacksmith, who had left his forge, and now stood midway between it and the footpath, with a horse-shoe, half red hot, in his pincers; the said horse-shoe therein not at all resembling the blacksmith's curiosity, which was at a white heat, to make out Charles, and his business. Charles beckoned him to approach. He advanced with a lazy, loitering step, as if he

wanted a little more time for observation at a distance.

"Is it possible to get employment in this place?" was his first question.

"Yes, possible enough, I take it, for we have plenty of idle poor here, who will rather starve than work."

"I would work that I may not starve," replied Charles.

"Aye," responded the blacksmith, looking at him with a dubious eye, as though he thought he was likely enough to starve, notwithstanding, if he had nothing but his work to trust to for a dinner.

"I have been robbed on the road," continued Charles.

"Indeed! as how?" interrupted the Cyclops.

"While I slept."

"While you slept? Why, that's a bad look-out, young fellow; but you might expect as much, I think, in these parts, if you make the highways your bed; for we find enough to do to keep ourselves from being robbed with our eyes open."

"I am penniless, and in want of food," added Charles; "but," fixing his eyes earnestly on the man, "I seek no charity—whatever hand supplies my necessities shall be repaid by my labor."

"I daresay it's all very true what you say; however, as you are a stranger to me, you'll not take it amiss if I don't interfere."

With these words the blacksmith hastened back to his forge, and began to ply his anvil with redoubled diligence. Charles covered his face with his hands, and felt at that moment more anguish of mind than he had ever known. He remained in this attitude, bitter forebodings crowding fast upon him, until he was roused from it by a soft female voice.

"Young man! If you please, my mistress wants to speak with you."

He looked up. A rosy-cheeked lass, with dove-like eyes, in a mob

cap, black stuff-gown, and a white apron, tucked up sideways, stood before him.

"And who is your mistress, pretty one?" said Charles, with that indescribable smile of his, for there was a something in the girl's manners and appearance which operated like a charm—"Who is your mistress, and where does she live?"

"Over the way, if you please, sir. Her name is Mrs. Saville."

"I don't know her, my dear," replied Charles.

"I know that, sir," and a sort of awkward blush diffused itself over her countenance, called there as much by the strange meaning of Charles's gaze, as by his flattering epithets of "dear," and "pretty one."

"Are you sure you are right?" he continued.

"Quite sure, sir," she replied; "my mistress said, 'Mary, do you see that poor young man sitting there?—he seems ill—go and tell him I want to speak with him.'—So I have come to tell you."

The innocence and simplicity of this mode of authenticating her embassy left no doubt upon Charles's mind, that Mrs. Saville, whoever she might be, *did* "want to speak with him;" and he followed his conductress to a large, old-fashioned, but substantially-built mansion, which stood back twelve or fifteen yards from the public road. He was ushered into a spacious parlor, solidly rather than elegantly furnished, where he found Mrs. Saville. She was considerably advanced in years, somewhat below the middle height, with flaxen hair, and a remarkably pale, but delicately-transparent complexion. Her air was courteous and refined, and bespoke the gentlewoman of the old school. There was a clear silvery tone in her voice, coupled with a certain emphatic precision in her mode of talking, and a quiet ease in her stately unembarrassed manner, which forcibly reminded Charles of his own beloved mother; nor was

this impression weakened by a peculiar character of benignity and goodness which dwelt upon her still interesting countenance.

Benevolence and pity, when they are of the right quality, (equally remote from the parade of doing good, and the impertinence of worthless curiosity,) perform their task with a gentle impatience to hasten relief, by sparing the unfortunate every anxious feeling of suspense. Mrs. Saville, in a few kind words, informed Charles of her motive in sending for him. He was touched to the very heart. It seemed as if the years of his infancy and boyhood had returned; for, never since his mother's death, had the voice of man or woman reached his heart. It seemed, too, as if here were a being the heart might trust; one who would not fling upon its breathings the churlish spirit of a selfish world, nor interpret its desires by the cold cunning of sordid calculation; one whom even he, with all his proud scorn of unrequited benefits, could be content to call and feel his benefactor. He related what had befallen him on the road, and how it had hence chanced that he was in his present plight. But this was only half the tale; his expressive features, his natural grace, and the simple eloquence of ingenuous truth, told for him, while, as he partook of refreshments he so much needed, Mrs. Saville extracted in detail the "story of his life."

"You have spoken much of your mother," said Mrs. Saville; "but nothing of your father."

"I never knew him; he died when I was in my cradle."

"That was a sad mischance."

"My mother felt it so," replied Charles; "for as often as she talked to me of him, it was with a grief as fresh as when he died."

"Then you know the manner of his death?" observed Mrs. Saville.

In answer to this question, Charles related all the circumstances of that event, as he had heard them from his mother. Mrs. Saville appeared

greatly interested with the narrative; for it partook of that deep-toned melancholy with which it was ever invested by her from whose lips alone he had listened to its recital.

"I do think," said she, when he had concluded, "it were a thousand pities you should not have a friend at this critical moment of your life."

"It is a wide world, madam," replied Charles, thoughtfully, "and there are paths enough for all who are in it: sooner or later, I shall find *my* way into one of them."

"So I doubt not you will," answered Mrs. Saville; "but it is because the world is wide, because there are many paths, and because of those many, there be some that are very bad, that they who are entering upon it, and have their path to choose, stand in need of those who have gone before them to direct their steps."

"I have been the child of misfortune hitherto by decree," said Charles; "henceforth, I elect myself the child of fortune by choice, and bind myself upon her wheel, the seeker of all its giddy turns."

His features brightened, and a bold daring flashed from his eyes, as the still fascinating vision of a troubled destiny dimly floated before his fancy.

"I will not seek to turn you from your choice," continued Mrs. Saville, with the same unperturbed and mild tone of expostulation she had all along maintained; "I would only ask to be permitted to give, myself, one of those turns of fortune's wheel, of which you are so enamored."

Charles was silent.

"Come, young man," added Mrs. Saville, "let me have power to persuade you, there is an overruling Providence that guides (and to fulfil its own inscrutable purposes) all the seeming chances of this life. Compare our journey through it, from the time when we commence it alone, to a traveller having to cross a broad and rapid

river, by the aid of stepping-stones, placed at irregular, and sometimes hazardous, distances. You are that traveller; you have arrived at the margin of this river; you are considering how you shall cross it; let me place your foot on the first of these stepping-stones. How you are to reach the next, and the next, and the next, and whether you are to find them many or few, that so your passage shall be easy or difficult, nor you nor I can tell; but Fortune, your chosen goddess, offers you the *first*."

This unexpected and irresistible appeal, urged with such singular adroitness and delicacy, urged, too, in tones, and with a persuasive gentleness, that strangely recalled thrilling remembrances of his mother, overpowered the feelings of Charles. A thousand emotions struggled for utterance; but all he could say, or rather attempt to say, was a stammering acknowledgment of gratitude, without accepting or refusing the kindness that excited it.

"Your agitation," continued Mrs. Saville, after a short pause, "convincing me I have struck the chord whose vibrations are in unison with my desires. I take your answer from the unerring oracle of awakened feelings which have no words, but express themselves in the trembling language of the eye, or the burning of the flushed cheek. You are my guest to-day. Tomorrow, you shall depart upon an errand that I dare promise myself will not disappoint mine or your hopes. Remain here," she added, rising from her chair, "I will return directly." With these words she left the room.

Before Charles could recover from the spell-trance into which this address had thrown him, Mrs. Saville re-entered the apartment, with an open letter in her hand.

"I feel assured," said she, "I am only fulfilling an appointed duty in what I have done, for these things are *not* the work of chance.

This is a letter to my brother. He is an excellent man, and has the power, where he sees the propriety, of befriending the friendless. If he take you by the hand, it must be your own fault should you not adequately benefit by the introduction. You shall hear what I have said, that you may know precisely the circumstances under which you will present yourself to him."

Mrs. Saville then read the letter. It was little more than a statement of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Charles and his history, and a simple, but earnest entreaty, that he would endeavor to complete what she had begun.

"Now," continued Mrs. Saville, "you shall depart with this early to-morrow. If you are at the first mile-stone, beyond the turnpike where the two roads meet, a little before five o'clock, the stage will pass in which you may proceed to London."

"I am utterly unable, madam"—exclaimed Charles, with an agitated voice—

"Spare yourself and me," interrupted Mrs. Saville. "I should be sorry if you were able to say what it is natural you should feel, on an occasion like this. So here let us dismiss the subject. We shall not be at a loss, I dare say," she added, smiling, "for others;" and immediately led the conversation into various channels, till the excitement of Charles's mind gradually subsided. He then entered with animated freedom into discourse; and it was easy to perceive how her first favorable impressions were deepened, as she insensibly drew from him the authentic transcript of his mind.

When night came, he took leave of Mrs. Saville. His farewell was imprinted on the hand extended towards him, with a silent fervor that would have satisfied the excellent Mr. Cranfield his heart was indeed "in the right place." In his bedroom he found the letter lying on

the table, sealed and directed; and beside it a neat silken purse containing twenty guineas.

Charles sat down to think; to live over again the extraordinary day he had passed. He was too young and inexperienced to read its eventful history, by the sober light of reason. The world and its concerns, the human heart and its mysteries, the holy deeds of unobtrusive virtue, were to him all unknown. What had happened, therefore, seemed more like a tale of fairy-land, than that thing merely which men call good fortune; of which the instances are so many, that were they all recorded, we should cease to write romance, as less romantic than truth. Thought could not help him out of his perplexity. "View it how I will," he exclaimed, at the close of his meditations, "it is a miracle; but at all events I will see the end of it."

With this declaration he retired to bed. In the morning he awoke refreshed and cheerful. When he descended from his room, the only person he saw was the pretty dove-eyed lass, who had been the ambassador of Mrs. Saville the preceding day. She looked as if she knew all that had happened, and rejoiced in her knowledge. A passing word of gallantry escaped his lips, as she opened the door for him; and hastening to the "first mile-stone beyond the turnpike-gate," the stage soon arrived in which he was conveyed to London.

It should be here mentioned, that when Charles entered the village, and seated himself upon the old stone, in the way already described, Julia Montague, a young lady in her eighteenth year, and the niece of Mrs. Saville, was standing at the parlor window, while her aunt was busy settling the accounts of the week in another part of the room. It is not meant to be insinuated, that if, instead of Charles Coventry, (and the reader remembers what sort of a looking person Charles Coventry was,) a poor, decrepid,

aged man, had rested his weary limbs on that same piece of antique stone, there would have been the least difference in Julia Montague's humanity. Be that as it may, however, it was entirely owing to her humanity, in the first instance, that Mrs. Saville saw Charles at all; for the weekly accounts were very long, and it is exceedingly probable he would have left his seat before they were finished, had not her niece been the first to pity his distressed condition. Oh, the unsearchable depths of woman's sensibility!

The letter which Charles carried with him was directed to Nicholas Howard, Esq., Thames Street. Thither he proceeded the moment he arrived in London. Mr. Howard was at home. He read the letter, and there was a smile upon his features, as if mentally exclaiming, "another of my good sister's benevolent whims!" Mr. Howard, however, though, as Mrs. Saville had said, "an excellent man," was very much a man of the world. His reception of Charles, therefore, was marked by a degree of caution which appeared cold and repulsive. It was evident, too, from the questions he put, (and which Charles answered frankly but haughtily, because they were tacit impeachments of his veracity,) that he did not quite believe the story of himself as related by Mrs. Saville. At the close of the interview, he said he must inquire further of Mr. Cranfield, before he could promise to attend to his sister's request, offering him, meanwhile, some small pecuniary aid, if he stood in need of it.

"I do not, sir," said Charles respectfully; "Mrs. Saville has placed me beyond the reach of immediate difficulties; but were it otherwise, I could not consider myself worthy of your bounty, till you thought me worthy of your confidence."

Mr. Howard smiled, as men in whom experience has worn off the

first fine edge of ingenuous feelings are apt to smile, when they listen to sentiments which they remember as once their own, and remember, too, how, like the perfume of a gathered flower, they are hastening to decay in the beaten paths of life. He named a day when Charles was to call again, and they separated.

"What a difference between brother and sister!" he exclaimed, as he left the house; ignorant that their hearts might be cast in the same mould, but that the brother knew the world, and the sister did not. "Nothing will come of this, I see," he added, "for he has suspicions of me, which I would rather sweep the streets than condescend to remove"—and his proud blood mantled into his cheek.

Charles repeated his visit at the appointed time, armed with premeditated dislike—almost with an irritable spirit of predetermined offence. Mr. Howard's altered manner dissipated in a moment the petulant humors of a week's nursing. He was a man of few words; but his words, like his dealings, were direct, and to a given purpose.

"Mr. Coventry," said he, when Charles had taken a seat, "I can now give you my confidence. I have seen Mr. Cranfield; I have also, unexpectedly, had opportunities of making other inquiries; and the best proof of their result is, the offer I at once make of receiving you into my employment." What followed may be briefly described. The situation was one of small emolument; but to Charles, (who accepted it with silent contrition for his ungenerous suspicions of Mr. Howard at their first interview,) it was an estate, compared with his earnings in the service of Cranfield.

Years rolled on, and in each succeeding one Charles Coventry still found something to make it brighter than that which went before. There were no sudden bursts of prosperity: no charming windfalls, that "came pat like the catas-

trophe of the old comedy ;" but there was a sober, steady, progressive improvement, which, by the time he was three-and-twenty, trebled his original salary. Nor was this because Mr. Howard was liberal. It was because Charles was diligent, to render himself worthy of advancement. Had he been without that stirring quality which will not let its possessor keep the valley, while others tread the heights, his merely *faithful* services would have reaped the harvest which thinly strews the garner of negative virtue, while bolder, if not always better, husbandry, gathers in its abounding crop. But he had in his composition the first element, the fundamental basis of all prosperity in life, where prosperity waits upon desert—a fixed determination to be master of his situation whatever it might be. Had he been only a shoe-black, he would infallibly have been the *best* shoe-black of his time or place.

This impulse led him to widen the range of his studies, so as to embrace those comprehensive principles of commerce, which, in their practical application, produce that combination so rare in every country save England, the merchant statesman ; who makes knowledge the handmaid of enterprise ; and surveys, with a philosophic mind, the rational and artificial wants, the physical resources, the moral characteristics, and the political institutions, of all nations, to render all tributary to the prosperity of his own. Mr. Howard quickly discovered the expanding resources of Charles's mind, and insensibly began to treat him with that deference which intellectual superiority, in whatever shape it manifests itself, enforces alike from those who can, and those who cannot, estimate its precise value. Charles was gradually admitted to his confidence, consulted upon specific undertakings, and referred to for facts, connected with complicated questions of foreign or domestic trade. In

no one case did Mr. Howard find this confidence misplaced, or the advice he sought, or the information he required, inapplicable to its purpose.

Thus fortified in his opinions of his eminent qualities, and satisfied, from experience, that his prudence, and his cautious habits, were in no way injuriously affected by the impetuous energy of his general character, he confided to his management an affair of vital importance, as connected with both the honor and the stability of the house. A voyage to India, however, was necessary ; and thither Charles went (then only in his five-and-twentieth year,) entrusted with full power to act upon his sole responsibility, in a matter of such vast magnitude that it might have added furrows to a brow already wrinkled by a long life spent in adjusting similar transactions. But he approached the question undismayed ; not from any over-weening reliance upon himself, but because, having deliberately investigated it, he believed he clearly saw where the justice of the case lay, and in that (if he were right) he had determined his strength should lie. He *was* right : and he stood like a rock. One by one, he obtained, from the adverse parties, the admissions which built up the defence of his own position ; and when the whole was complete, they had no alternative but to concede the issue, or deny their previous acquiescence in all the premises upon which it was legitimately established.

At the expiration of three years, Charles returned to England. Mr. Howard received him with warm congratulations, being already apprised, by his letters, of the course and issue of the negociation. The sum which it involved was little less than half a million sterling ; and this had not merely been released, but the mode of its release had completely effaced every mark of apparent dishonor, which eager enemies and cold friends had sought

to fix upon the business. The name of Howard stood, if possible, higher than it had ever done ; and the owner of that name not only felt the obligation, but it was his pride to acknowledge it suitably. His first act, in a spirit of munificent gratitude, was to transfer to the name of Charles Coventry, in the books of the house, one hundred thousand of the sum he had redeemed ; his second, to notify on Change, and by all other usual means, that henceforth the house itself would be the firm of Howard and Coventry.

It was shortly after this event he saw Mrs. Saville, for the first time since that memorable morning when, friendless, hungry, and destitute, he told his disastrous story to the churlish blacksmith, and attracted, unknowingly, the pitying notice of the fair Julia. He had never forgotten his kind benefactress ; on the contrary, it was his delight, at each fresh turn of fortune in his favor, to make her acquainted with it ; and she always received the intelligence with unabated interest in his welfare. She had come to town for the benefit of medical advice in that incurable disease, old age, (for all her complaints were but the falling to pieces of an excellent constitution preparatory to the closing scene,) and taken up her abode in Mr. Howard's house, where Charles renewed his personal acquaintance with her. He was shocked to see the dilapidations time had wrought in so short a period ; forgetting that, between sixty-five and seventy-five, ten years make sad havoc. Her stature, always diminutive, had assumed the stoop of decrepitude ; her flaxen hair was a silver white ; her delicately-pale complexion had the wan hue of sickness ; and her clear, musical voice had lapsed into a cracked, tremulous tone. But there was the same benignity of countenance ; and her carriage, though feeble, retained its impress of courtesy and refinement.

Mrs. Saville was accompanied by her niece, who, strange to say, was still Julia Montague, though now bidding adieu to six-and-twenty. Julia, if not absolutely beautiful, was at least something more than interesting in her appearance ; and united to elegant manners, an amiable disposition, and a richly-cultivated mind. Whether she could have married, but would not ; whether she would, but could not ; or lastly, whether neither was the case, but that she was single for the same reason that she had auburn hair, are points which it were utterly indefensible to discuss. It is enough that she was single, and that the sterling qualities of her character attracted the notice of Mr. Coventry in the frequent opportunities he now had of observing her. He, too, was beyond that period of life when either the heart or the eye is *alone* consulted, provided there be a head to lend its assistance. But Julia Montague had attractions for all three. The eye of a husband might dwell with conscious pride upon her personal charms ; his heart, with fond devotion, upon her gentle virtues ; and his mind, with calm admiration, upon the natural endowments and acquired treasures of hers. There was food for passion, for love, for esteem. When the first decayed, as decay it must, though "to a radiant angel linked," endearing love would fill the void, and sober reason, that knows no change, shed its mild lustre to the last.

After this preparation, the matter may as well be settled at once, for there can no longer be any secret in the business. Every reader has already anticipated the inevitable union between Charles Coventry and Julia Montague. It took place about six or seven months after her arrival in London, and scarcely as many weeks before the decease of Mrs. Saville, who expired suddenly, while sitting at breakfast on the very morning of the day she had fixed for returning into the country,

under the firm persuasion of signal benefit derived from the skill of her physician. It was a falling asleep, rather than that terrific struggle between soul and body, when they are to separate. She leaned back in her chair—the shadow of death passed for a moment over her countenance—there was one long-drawn sigh—and all was over! Thus mild and peaceful was the departure of Eugenia Saville from a world through which she had passed as mildly, as peacefully,—and most holily! Tears were shed for her, not such as fall upon the grave of all who leave behind kindred or friends to mourn a common loss with common grief; but such as hallo the memory of the good,—tears, whose source was in the heart, and which dropped from eyes where many a time and oft they had been dried by the benign being they now bewailed.

Mr. Howard did not survive his sister more than two years; the exact number by which he was her junior in age, so that their earthly pilgrimage was of the same duration, almost to a day. Having no family, and all his relations being in opulent circumstances, he bequeathed the bulk of his immense property to charitable institutions; and to his partner, Mr. Coventry, the valuable possession of the business of the late firm. To his niece, Julia Coventry, he gave a legacy of five thousand pounds; “being,” as he expressed it in his will, “the fifth part of the sum he had intended to leave her, had she not already succeeded to two fortunes—the one that was her aunt’s, his dear departed sister, Eugenia Saville; the other, the far better fortune of a good husband.”

From this period, the career of Charles Coventry was marked by unexampled prosperity. Wealth flowed in upon him through a thousand channels, with all its concomitants, vast influence, the highest distinction that can surround a commoner, and the ambition to become

the founder of a family. As a first step towards effecting the last, he obtained a seat in Parliament; as a second, a preponderating voice in the nomination to other seats; as a third, he concentrated all the energies of his mind and character to acquire public reputation as an orator and politician. He had the requisites for both; and his political principles were upon record, in a work which had excited an unusual degree of popular notice.

He was soon satisfied he had not placed before his hopes a visionary prize. Scarcely had he taken his seat, and certainly had not addressed the House more than three or four times, when he was singled out for one of those ferocious attacks by the Opposition, which they never make except upon an imbecile Minister, or a formidable adversary who is rising to his proper level. It embodied every mode of parliamentary warfare, from polished sarcasm and eloquent invective, to deep-mouthed reproof, and the light artillery of ridicule. The Whig benches rang with acclamations; the Treasury ones were silent. To have echoed these acclamations, would have been to recognize, as a champion, one who was on his trial to establish whether he had the mettle in him which would proclaim him such, or only the ardor of a well-disposed, but feeble auxiliary. There was not a man in the house who better understood the true nature of his position, or all that hung suspended on the issue, than Mr. Coventry himself. Pride, ambition, glory, conscious strength, contempt of despicable motives, inflamed into resentment at the anticipated possibility of their success, every feeling that could inspire an ardent, generous nature, concurred to animate him. He rose. His exordium was placid, easy, playful even; but there was a collected energy of purpose on his brow; a kindling but smothered fire in his eye; and a dignified repose of manner, which bespoke the secret

knowledge of a reserved strength for the decisive onset.

There had been the stillness that foretells the hurricane; the rising gusts and furious eddies that are its immediate harbingers; and there was the hurricane itself! The devastation was complete. Not a vestige remained of the mighty fabric which sarcasm and invective, reproof and ridicule, had raised to arrest his progress; and when he sat down, with the emphatic declaration, "that as he hoped he should never invite hostility by presumptuous arrogance, so would he never bend to it, when it wore, in his judgment, the livery of that most degenerate of our vices, or, if they liked it better, meanest of our infirmities," peals of tumultuous cheers bore testimony to the eloquence, manliness, and justice of his defence. The Minister was loud in his encomiums, and personally congratulated him upon the display he had made; while the adherents of government, now that he had shown he was able to assert his own cause, came forward with oppressive alacrity to assert it for him. With modest self-denial, he belied the swelling exultation which throbbed in every pulse of his excited frame; but he who has fought hard for victory and gained it, with whatever well-be-seeming diffidence he may teach his tongue to disclaim the laurel, has that within, even at the moment when he wraps the cloak of humility in its thickest folds about him, which whispers to his proud heart that he is a conqueror. Charles Coventry had feverish dreams that night. Titles, and ribbons, and glittering stars, and bright honors, dazzled his sleeping fancy; and such a glass as Banquo held in his hand, when the weird sisters "grieved the heart" of Macbeth, seemed to show him "gold-bound brows" which he could "smile upon, and point at for his."

At length he found himself with his feet planted on the first step of "ambition's ladder." An executive

appointment, with a baronetcy, were offered him in requital of his long, disinterested, and valuable support of government. He accepted them. Then came another night of feverish dreams, as he laid his head upon his pillow, Sir Charles Coventry, a member of the administration. He was now approaching his fiftieth year, and was the father of a numerous family, three of whom were sons. If, therefore, he had touched the boundary of his hopes, he had the satisfaction of knowing that with his wealth, he should transmit a title to his posterity. But the same prudence, talent, and unwearied ardor in the pursuit of whatever he undertook, which had conducted him thus far, opened the path to his further advancement. He distinguished himself greatly by the vigorous and efficient discharge of his official duties; and while he impressed his colleagues and the country with a high opinion of his fitness for more important functions, he silenced the hostility of political adversaries, who, when he accepted office, were not slow to fling upon him their taunts, as an adventurer for place without the requisite qualifications. A few short years saw him raised to the dignity of privy-councillor, and graced with the ribbon of the Bath.

Behold him now! The Right Honorable Sir Charles Coventry, K.B. giving weight to the measures of Government by his advice, and supporting them afterwards by his eloquence in Parliament, where he was no longer the candidate for distinction, but the possessor of it. He had wholly withdrawn himself from mercantile affairs, partly because their adequate superintendence was incompatible with the other demands upon his time; but more because they might stand in his way, if the occasion presented itself, for grasping at the great object of his ambition. He had realized a princely fortune, which he used with the unostentatious virtue of one who

remembered what he was thirty-five years before ; for it was just that period since his forlorn condition had awakened the sympathy of Mrs. Saville, whose memory was idolized in his recollection. He never forgot that condition. The "neat silken purse," which contained the first twenty guineas that had ever called him master, was religiously preserved ; and he would often fancifully compare it to a little rivulet welling forth from the side of some lofty mountain, which, augmented in its course by many tributary streams, becomes at last a mighty river, pouring its ample waters in a majestic tide to the green ocean.

One of those political emergencies, arising from the jealousies of rival statesmen, which have frequently lifted into power men who had been all their lives vainly striving to bring about such a consummation of their hopes, operated propitiously for Sir Charles Coventry. It is true he had sown the seeds ; but it is no less true, that without such a concurrence of circumstances, in all probability he would never have reaped the harvest. Matured, however, as his experience now was, and unabated as was that ardor of character which had distinguished him from his cradle, a transient misgiving of himself crept over his mind when the prize lay fairly within his reach, and he was invited to stretch forth his hand. But the misgiving was only transient. A noble enthusiasm succeeded ; the more certain to conduct him prosperously through his trial, because it had been ushered in by a wise diffidence. He accepted the SEALS of office ; took his seat at the council-table as a Cabinet Minister ; and saw himself honored, in a preëminent degree, by the personal and constitutional confidence of his sovereign. As on the other occasions of his life, he at once filled the space in which he moved. The energies of his nature developed themselves with increased amplitude ; the dimensions of his intellect

were enlarged to the full extent of its new sphere. This extraordinary quality, whose existence could never have been known, except by the circumstances which actually disclosed it, (although its secret influence was the hidden spring of all his actions, as it ever must be of all men who build themselves a name,) created so much astonishment in one of his colleagues, that he observed, "If Sir Charles Coventry were to become King of England, everybody would say he was *born* to wear a crown ; for he always seems to have been intended by nature for the precise station he occupies." A profound mystery of the world was solved in this half-jocular, half-petulant remark. It is those, and those only, "intended by nature for the precise station they occupy," who rule the world, from the Macedonian conqueror down to the village oracle ; and many a heart which has the noble quality, lives and dies in ignorance of its presence, because occasion has not called it forth.

Sir Charles Coventry exercised the high function of a Cabinet Minister for eleven years ; and during the last three, that of Prime Minister. But he had now passed his grand climacteric ; and though free from any of the more enfeebling symptoms of age, began to feel a desire for repose. He had lived long enough for others, and for worldly objects. He wished to find a quiet interval, this side the grave, for the peaceful enjoyment of himself. Such, however, is the fascination of power, (next to life, the hardest thing, perhaps, to part with voluntarily,) that the desire languished two years before he could resolve to intimate it to his Royal Master. When he did, permission was granted, but with many flattering expressions of regret, and the still more flattering declaration of a wish that the memory of his eminent services should be perpetuated by the honors of the peerage. A few weeks after, the Minister resigned

the seals of office as **VISCOUNT GLENCRAIG** !

Here terminated his public life ; but it was the dispensation of Providence that he should live to a ripe old age in the serene luxury of a gradual unfelt decay, surrounded by an affectionate family, beloved by many friends, and honored in the world's esteem. Lady Glencraig, who had been his companion in climbing the dazzling heights of rank and power, shared with him, a short time, the tranquil retirement that followed ; but she set out before him on the great journey of eternity. The separation was tender, not agonizing ; for no earthly happiness is blighted, no fondly-cherished hopes of years to come are destroyed, when, trembling on the verge of eighty, hearts are unlinked by death, which have throbbed in unison through all their foregone days. "Tarry yet a little space, and we will go together," may speak the natural wish of the survivor ; but the soul breathes this consolation, "*to-day* is appointed for *thee*—and for *me* a *to-morrow* which is at hand." The venerable Glencraig felt this, as he bent over the aged form of her, on whose pale and wrinkled face there beamed the placid smile which told of blameless joy that she was summoned first ; yet, not till parting was like the current of a quiet stream, whose waters, separated by some dark and rocky fragment, flow in a divided course round its base, but meet again to be forever joined.

Two sons and four daughters of Lord Glencraig were married, and the parents of a numerous offspring. The elder of the former, who was heir to the title, had distinguished himself in several foreign missions of great delicacy. Two other sons, and one daughter, remained unmarried, the last probably because she was devoted to a science which withdrew all her thoughts from earth. She was an astronomer ; but beyond looking at the heavenly

bodies through magnificent telescopes, it never appeared that anything came of her star-gazing.

It was delightful to see him, with unimpaired faculties of mind, and few infirmities of body, wearing out the remnant of a life that had been so full of busy incidents. Some branches of his family were always with him, and *once* in each year it was his custom to have them all assembled at his table, children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, even down to the nursling of six months old, or younger, if there chanced, at such a time, to be a fresh arrival. Oh ! the flow of sublime and holy feeling that would seem to gush from the old man's heart at those moments, as he looked round and saw the living images of his Maker, in whose veins ran kindred blood ! How, like a patriarch of the chosen land, he would discourse wisdom with the elders, mingling the maxims of this world with the piety of the next ! And then, he had cheerful thoughts, and a lightsome spirit, to call up mirth and laughter on the unclouded brow of youth ; while infancy itself, seated on his knee, would chuckle and clap its dimpled hands, as he danced before its sparkling eyes the glittering watch-chain, or radiant diamond that adorned the shriveled shaking hand. All were happy ; but he, of all, the happiest ; for *his* share of happiness was swelled to overflowing by the addition of theirs.

"Julia, how old are you ?" said the venerable peer at one of these annual heart-greetings, addressing the daughter of his eldest son.

"Seventeen," was the reply.

"Stand by me :—And you, Mr. Frederick, with your fearless hawk's eye, what is your age ?"

"Eleven, grandfather."

"Come you here too."—Then, casting his looks round, he fixed upon another, and another, and another, till he had gathered eight of his children's children about him.—"I want another yet," he conti-

nued, "and it must be that little Miss who is so busy with her doll, in a corner by herself."

The child was brought. The laughing, rosy group stood wondering at what was to follow.

"By this living multiplication table," said he, with a gay, good-humored air, "I reckon my age."

Then he began counting them: seventeen — eleven — fourteen — twelve — ten — six — eight — four — two—EIGHTY-FOUR.

"Heigho!" he exclaimed; "to think that I have had for my single share of life, as much as has yet fallen to the lot of this whole cluster! Well—next year you will steal a march upon me, and make a terrible stride, so that I must drop you, Madam," (patting the

cherub-face of Harriet Beauchamp, who had answered with a pretty lisp she was eight years old,) "and make up eighty-five without you."

But this was his LAST BIRTHDAY. Never again did that happy circle gather round him: for when the time came that so they would have done, Charles Coventry, Viscount Glencraig, was made partaker of that awful secret whose mystery stretches not beyond the grave. His end was peaceful. He laid down life, as a man who had tasted of its sweetness even to satiety; and he put on immortality—for eternity dawns upon the soul before this world fades from its glimmering consciousness forever—as one who had humble hope in having done well.

THE POETRY OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

THIS is unquestionably the age of antithesis. The poets of the day have ranged themselves under two distinctly opposite banners—those of quiet repose, and passionate excitement; and, according to the fluctuations of ever-varying taste and fashion, has each been alternately magnified and extolled. A few short years ago, nothing went down with the reading public but Sir Walter Scott's battle scenes—his gathering of the clans of the fiery cross—his gorgeous cavalcades, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war: or Lord Byron's semi-demoniacal barbarians, contrasted with woman, sublimated to almost angelic loveliness. At this period, the public appetite was stimulated to a craving for intense emotion, not unlike that of the pampered gourmand for de-viled turkey: the charities of the heart were regarded as common-places; and whoever peppered the highest, was surest to please. During the prevalence of this singular perversion of taste, there was a class of writers who nobly kept aloof from the contagion, preferring

temporary neglect to unenviable notoriety: and at the head of these praiseworthy devotees, was the illustrious Wordsworth.

A disciple of this great master, and one imbued with a strong conviction of the sterling truth of his poetical canons, Mr. Wilson made his debut in the literary world, whilst yet a very young man, by the publication of his "*Isle of Palms*;" a work of amazing wealth in imagery—ever flowing with all that is bright, graceful, and gorgeous in conception; but somewhat deficient in that condensation of idea and of language, which is one of the characteristics of poetry of the more exalted order. It was, however, impossible not to discover, from this first exhibition of his powers, that, whatever might be his faults, poverty of intellect, and obtuseness in the perception of the beautiful and the grand, were not of the number; and that all that was required to enable him to produce a work of more permanent interest, was the application of a bridle to his singularly wild and excursive imagination. To the current productions

of the era at which it appeared, the Isle of Palms furnished a remarkable contrast. The rage was then almost exclusively for romances in rhyme; and, provided the story was sufficiently *bizarre* and appalling, the quality of the poetry which was its vehicle was of subordinate importance. In the Isle of Palms, Mr. Wilson has woven, on a slender thread of narrative, four long cantos of exuberant versification; and, instead of savage anger, insatiable revenge, or unnatural hatred—

"Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder;"

we are presented with the calm, quiet, secluded beauty of nature: green trees and dewy flowers, bright sunshine, and cerulean skies, and sinless tears, and affectionate tenderness, and pious aspirations after the bliss of a more refined state of existence; in short, with all those brighter shades of human feeling, which adorn and dignify our nature. The machinery of this beautiful and truly original poem, is extremely simple. The story is briefly this:—Two betrothed lovers are wrecked together upon a desert, but lovely island in the Indian sea; where they are discovered seven years afterwards by the crew of an English vessel. They return to England, to the great joy of the heroine's mother; who, having given her up for dead, at length determines to take up her abode in the town from the port of which her daughter originally sailed, with the remote hope of hearing some tidings of her fate. The following lines, from the first canto of the Isle of Palms, are not surpassed in beauty by any passage with which we are acquainted, in the whole range of modern poetry:

THE SHIP.

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious Shape appearing!
A broad-wing'd Vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
The beauty of the sea,

She lifteth up her stately head
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the Moon.
The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
To cheer the gliding vision sing.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of Heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moon-light
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigg'd with gossamery sails,
And bound for Fairy-land?
Ah, no!—an earthly freight she bears,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company,
In sleep, or waking revelry,
Five hundred human souls!
Since first she sail'd from fair England,
Three moons her path have cheer'd;
And another lights her lovelier lamp
Since the Cape hath disappear'd.
For an Indian isle she shapes her way
With constant mind both night and day:
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails, as if the path she knew;
So calm and stately is her motion
Across th' unfathom'd trackless ocean.

In the above glorious picture, our readers will recognise the germ of the various poetical descriptions of a ship, which have appeared since its publication; especially Lord Byron's well-known and justly-admired couplet—

"She walks the waters like a thing of life;
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Nor is the next quotation less powerful in its kind, although of a different stamp:

THE WRECK.

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it call'd the ship along.
The Moon is sunk; and a clouded grey

Declares that her course is run,
And like a God who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious Sun.
Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze ;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she ;—her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her
mast !

—Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour
is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck ;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling
shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are dragged in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd ;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;—
The whole ship's crew are there.
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupified or dead,
And madness and despair.

Another sample is all that we can
afford to give of this beautiful poem ;
but it will be found no less charac-
teristic of its author's genius than
those already furnished. It is

THE RETURN TO PORT.

The pier-head, with a restless crowd,
Seems all alive ; there, voices loud

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Of raise the thund'rous cheer,
While, from on board the ship of war,
The music bands both near and far,
Are playing, faint or clear.
The bells ring quick a joyous peal,
Till the very spires appear to feel
The joy that stirs throughout their tapering
height :

Ten thousand flags and pendants fly
Abroad, like meteors in the sky,
So beautiful and bright.
And, while the storm of pleasure raves
Through each tumultuous street,
Still strikes the ear one darling tune,
Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet ;
Well doth it suit the First of June,
" Britannia rules the waves ! "

What ship is she that rises slow
Above the horizon ?—White as snow,
And cover'd as she sails
By the bright sunshine, fondly woo'd
In her calm beauty, and pursued
By all the Ocean gales ?
Well doth she know this glorious morn,
And by her subject waves is borne,
As in triumphal pride :
And now the gazing crowd descries,
Distinctly floating on the sky,
Her pendants long and wide.
The outward forts she now hath pass'd ;
Loftier and loftier towers her mast ;
You almost hear the sound
Of the billows rushing past her sides,
As giant-like she calmly glides
Through the dwindled ships around.
Saluting thunders rend the main !
Short silence !—and they roar again,
And veil her in a cloud :
Then up leap all her fearless crew,
And cheer till shore, and city too,
With echoes answer loud.
In peace and friendship doth she come,
Rejoicing to approach her home,
After absence long and far ;
Yet with like calmness would she go,
Exulting to behold the foe,
And break the line of war.

Although no one was hardy
enough to deny the merit of a poem
abounding with passages as exqui-
sitely beautiful as these, yet, as
was to have been expected from the
vitiating taste which prevailed when
the Isle of Palms was first publish-
ed, Mr. Wilson shared for some
years the neglect, we had almost
said obscurity, of his preceptor ;
and although fervently admired by
a select and discriminating few,
was on the whole little read and
still less frequently purchased.
Among those who paid him the
well-merited tribute of their praise,
at this early stage of his career, we
are happy to mention Mr. Jeffrey,
(although his previous abuse—his

ignorant depreciation, of Wordsworth, deprives his opinion of the sincerity or consistency which can alone render an opinion valuable); and the honest avowal of James Hogg, that such an impression did the perusal of the *Isle of Palms* make upon him, and "so completely did it carry him off his feet, that for some days afterwards he felt himself as in a land of enchantment, and could with difficulty bring down his feelings to the business of ordinary life."

At the distance of about four years from the publication of the *Isle of Palms*, Mr. Wilson produced his best and most popular work, "*The City of the Plague*,"—a poem of first-rate excellence, amply realizing the anticipations to which his maiden effort had given birth. To the exalted merits of this production, which is of a severer order, and for the most part free from those exuberances of youthful genius which had in some measure deformed its predecessor, gratifying testimony has been borne by several of Mr. Wilson's distinguished contemporaries; and, among others, by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, two writers whose genius is as opposite in character to that of the object of their eulogy as can well be imagined. In the preface to his "*Doge of Venice*," Lord Byron mentions the *City of the Plague*, as one of the very few evidences that dramatic power is not yet extinct among us. If that poetry deserves to rank the highest, which excites the most vivid emotions in the mind of the reader, Mr. Wilson's tragedy will certainly be found amply to deserve his Lordship's generous tribute; for we know of no work, of a purely imaginative character, which is calculated to make so deep an impression upon a person of even ordinary feeling and intelligence, as this. It assumes a loftier tone of inspiration than the *Isle of Palms*. Indeed, the two poems will scarcely admit of a comparison in any respect. One is a tale of love, beauty

and repose,—the attempered glory of a summer's eve, disturbed only by one of those transitory storms which leave the face of nature more beautiful than ever; whilst the other is a narrative of alternate pity and suffering—tears and terror—imbued throughout with an energy almost supernatural—and producing upon the mind of the reader an impression which, like the recollection of a storm at sea, is never afterwards obliterated. Although dramatic in its form, there is little that is dramatic in either its plot, or the manner in which it is developed. It consists in a great measure of a series of impassioned dialogues on natural loveliness—a vernal picture of all that is serene, gentle and fascinating in human nature, here and there chastised by those "sabler tints of woe,"

"Which blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life."

The selection of so awful a subject as the great plague in London, as a groundwork for the delineation of the abiding strength and loveliness of our best affections, affords additional evidence of the power and versatility of Mr. Wilson's genius. Yet this he has attempted; and, notwithstanding the apparently antithetical nature of the subject, has achieved most triumphantly. The following passages from his poem, we select, not less for their intrinsic beauty than that they strike us as being peculiarly characteristic of his powers.

SIGNS OF THE PLAGUE.

Frank. Why does the finger,
Yellow 'mid the sunshine, on the Minster-clock,
Point at that hour? It is most horrible,
Speaking of midnight in the face of day.
During the very dead of night it stopp'd,
Even at the moment when a hundred hearts
Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more.
Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round?
There is no need that men should count the
hours
Of time, thus standing on eternity.
It is a death-like image. How can I,
When round me silent nature speaks of death,
Withstand such monitory impulses?
When yet far off I thought upon the Plague,
Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul

In unchanged meekness and serenity,
And all my fears were gone. But these green
banks,

With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown,
Brown, when I left them last, with frequent
feet

From morn till evening hurrying to and fro,
In mournful beauty seem encompassing
A still forsaken city of the dead.

O unrejoicing Sabbath! not of yore
Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames
Thus silently! Now every sail is furl'd,
The oar hath dropt from out the rower's hand,
And on thou flow'st in lifeless majesty,
River of a desert lately fill'd with joy!
O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone
The air is clear and cloudless, as at sea
Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,
And not one single wreath of smoke ascends
Above the stillness of the towers and spires.
How idly hangs that arch magnificent
Across the idle river! Not a speck
Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,
Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky.

THE PLAGUE IN THE CITY.

Old Man. Know ye what ye will meet with
in the city?

Together will ye walk through long, long
streets,

All standing silent as a midnight church.
You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating
Of your own hearts will awe you; the small
voice

Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
Still threatening thunder, lower with grim
delight,

As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
Darkening the city with the shades of death,
Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
A tumult like an echo! on it comes,
Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning
prayer;

And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
But are these houses near you tenantless?
Over your heads from a window, suddenly
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot
eyes,

Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls,
As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings! a miserable cart,
Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along
By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,
Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of
horror.

Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden
tresses,

Wan shrivel'd cheeks, that have not smiled
for years,

And many a rosy visage smiling still;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
In spite of mortal pangs—there lie they all,
Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,
For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there,
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
Will meet thy gaze; or some small snow-
white hand,
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's
hair.

How beautiful is the following
out-pouring of the spirit, that clings
to heaven in its desolation:

Oh! let me walk the waves of this wide
world
Through faith unsinking;—stretch Thy saving
hand

To a lone castaway upon the sea,
Who hopes no resting-place, except in heaven.
And oh! this holy calm,—this peace pro-
found,—

That sky so glorious in infinitude,—
That countless host of softly-burning stars,
And all that floating universe of light,
Lift up my spirit far above the grave,
And tell me that my prayers are heard in
heaven;

I feel the Omnipotent is merciful!

How finely do these lines contrast
with the following:

O! 'tis the curse of absence, that our love
Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound
Towards all our far-off friends. Home we
return

And find them dead—for whom we often wept,
Needlessly wept, when they were in their joy!
Then goes the broken-hearted mariner
Back to the sea that welters drearily
Around the homeless earth.

We will now add a specimen or
two of another kind—sketches of
silence and serenity:

O look upon her face! eternity
Is shadow'd there! a pure immortal calm,
Whose presence makes the tumult of this
world

Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the
soul
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate.

O! might I say
Thy beauty is immortal! but a ghost,
In all the loveliness on earth it wore,
Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery,
And—I know the shadow of the mortal creature
Now weeping at my side.

She knew not
In other days, to what a lofty pitch
Her gentle soul could soar. For I have heard
She was an only child, and in the light
Of her fond parents' love was foster'd,
Like a flower that blooms best shelter'd in the
house,

And only placed beneath the open air
In hours of sunshine.

How sweetly have I felt the evening calm
Come o'er the tumult of the busy day
In a great city! When the silent stars
Stole out so glad some through the dark blue
 heavens,

All undisturb'd by any restless noise
Sent from the domes and spires that lay be-
 neath,
Hush'd as the clouds of night. Ev'n now
 'tis so.

Didst thou e'er see a more resplendent moon?
A sky more cloudless, thicker set with stars?
The night is silent—silent was the day.
But now methinks the sky's magnificence
Darkeneth the desolation on the earth!
Ev'n such the silence of a beautiful sea
Rolling o'er a thousand wrecks.

Magdalene. I hope thou feel'st no cruel
 pain?

Frankfort. Thy soft, white, spotless bo-
 som, like the plumes
Of some compassionate angel, meets my heart,
And all therein is quiet as the snow
At breathless midnight.

Magdalene. No noise within thy brain?

Frankfort. A sweet mild voice is echoing
 far away,
In the remotest regions of my soul.
'Tis clearer now—and now again it dies,
And leaves a silence smooth as any sea,
When all the stars of heaven are on its breast.

In the volume which contains the City of the Plague, we meet with two poems which are deserving of especial remark, as being strikingly characteristic of the genius of their author; we allude to "The Convict," a dramatic fragment, in which, from a combination of natural touches, the catastrophe is wrought to the highest possible pathos: and "The Scholar's Funeral," a sketch, justly celebrated for the lofty, reposing, serene, and beautiful train of imagery and sentiment which pervade it. The story of the former poem is that of an innocent man, who has been tried, and convicted, upon strong circumstantial evidence, of a murder of which he is wholly innocent. The first scene is laid in his cottage, where his wife, and a friend are waiting, in momentary expectation of hearing the result of his trial. The alternations of hope and despair are most pathetically described. The clergyman, who has passed the preceding night in prayer with the

supposed criminal, visits the wretched woman, for the purpose of preparing her mind for the message, which arrives soon afterwards, announcing her husband's condemnation. Scene the second, is the *Condemned Cell*, a few days previous to that appointed for the execution. The first scene of the second part of the poem is the same cell, on the morning of the execution; the clergyman praying by the doomed man, and endeavoring to inspire him with fortitude to endure the horrors that await him. The second scene changes again to the prisoner's cottage, where his wife is sitting with her friend, surrounded by her little ones. The third scene is a field, in which several laborers are reposing. The following powerful description of the appalling spectacle is put into the mouth of one of the bystanders:

Master. Methinks I see the hill-side all
 alive,

With silent faces gazing steadfastly
On one poor single solitary wretch,
Who views not in the darkness of his trouble
One human face among the many thousands
All staring towards the scaffold! Some are
 there

Who have driven their carts with his unto the
 market,

Have shook hands with him meeting at the
 fair,

Have in his very cottage been partakers
Of the homely fare which rev'rently he bless'd,
Yea! who have seen his face in holier places,
And in the same seat been at worship with
 him,

Within the house of God. May God forgive
 them!

Mary. He is not guilty.

Master. Everything is dark.

Last in the company of the murder'd man—
Blood on his hands—a bloody knife conceal'd—
The coin found on him which the widow swore
 to—

His fears when apprehended—and the false-
 hoods

Which first he utter'd—all perplex my mind!
And then they say the murder'd body bled,
Soap as he touch'd it—Let us to our work,
Poor people oft must work with heavy hearts.
—Oh! doth that sunshine smile as cheerfully
Upon Lea-side as o'er my happy fields!

[The Scene changes to a little Field com-
manding a view of the place of Execution.
Two YOUNG MEN looking towards it.]

1st Man. I dare to look no longer.—What
dost thou see?

2d Man. There is a stirring over all the
 crowd.

All heads are turn'd at once. O God of heaven!

There Francis Russel comes upon a cart,
For which a lane is open'd suddenly!
On, on it goes—and now it has arrived
At the scaffold foot.

1st Man. Say! dost thou see his face?

2d Man. Paler than ashes.

1st Man, (coming forward). Let me have
one look.

O what white cheeks! see, see—his upward
eyes

Even at this distance have a ghastly glare.
I fear that he is guilty. Fear has bathed
In clammy dew his long lank raven hair,
His countenance seems convulsed—it is not
paleness

That dims his cheeks—but a wild yellow hue
Like that of mortal sickness or of death.
Oh! what the soul can suffer when the Devil
Sits on it, grimly laughing o'er his prey,
Like a carrion-bird beside some dying beast,
Croaking with hunger and ferocity.

[He turns away.]

2d Man. He is standing on the scaffold—
he looks round,
But does not speak—some one goes up to
him—

He whispers in his ear—he kisses him—
He falls on his knees—now no one on the
scaffold

But he and that old wretch! a rope is hanging
Right over his head—and as my Maker liveth,
That demon as he grasps it with his fingers
Hath laughter in his face.

1st Man. How look the crowd?

2d Man. I saw them not—but now ten
thousand faces
Are looking towards him with wide-open eyes!
Uncover'd every head—and all is silent
And motionless, as if 'twere all a dream.

1st Man. Is he still praying?

2d Man. I can look no more,
For death and horror round his naked neck
Are gathering! Curse those lean and shrivel'd
fingers

That calmly—slowly—and without a tremble—
Are binding unto agony and shame
One of God's creatures with a human soul.
—Hark! hark! a sudden shriek—a yell—a
shout!

The whole crowd tosses like a stormy sea.
But oh! behold how still and motionless
That figure on the scaffold!

1st Man. What can it mean?

2d Man. Perhaps with one soul all the
crowd rise up

To rescue him from death.

1st Man. Let us away
And know what happens. Hark! another shout
That rends the silent sky. See, hats are
waved!

And every face is bright—deliverance
Is in that peal of joy—he shall not die.

He is reprieved at this very critical
juncture; and the real murderer confesses his guilt, and delivers
himself up to justice. We are disposed to consider this fragment

the most touching and powerful of
all Mr. Wilson's productions.

Among the minor poems, which
in the new edition of Mr. Wilson's
poetical works occupy the second
volume, our prime favorites are—
the Scholar's Funeral—Address to
a Wild Deer—To a Sleeping Child
—Trout-beck Chapel—the Hearth
—Peace and Solitude, and the
Children's Dance. The pieces
which are the most intrinsically
characteristic of the writer's genius
are—a Lay of Fairy Land—Edith
and Nora—the Desolate Village—
the Ass in a Storm Shower—Pic-
ture of a Blind Man—My Cottage
—and Church-yard Dreams. We
are compelled to curtail the follow-
ing poem, in order to adapt it to our
narrow limits:

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent Creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beam-
ing head;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the
vale!—

—Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!
—hail!

Hail! Idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the
morn,

Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on moun-
tain and moor,
As the vision glides by him may blameless
adore;

For the joy of the happy, the strength of the
free,

Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and
lone—

A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of
thy breast—

Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at
rest;

And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the
hill!

In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie
still!—

Though your branches now toss in the storm
of delight,

Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless
height,

One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from
the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild Spirit hung in majestic mirth;
In dalliance with danger, he bouded in bliss,

O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning
abyss ;

O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous
motion,

Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the
ocean !

Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the
dell,

And shook from his forehead a haughty fare-
well,

While his horns in a crescent of radiance
shone,

Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is
gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the
wind,

And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
But my spirit will travel wherever she flees,

And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the
sea—

Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a
scream,

And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my
dream ;

—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming
brow ?

Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou
now ?

—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my
sight,

Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the
night !

Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the
stream.

With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd as
with light,

And the caves, as thou passest, one moment
are bright.

Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on
the rock,

'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's
shock,

Thou fling'st thy bold beauty exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the
sea.

His voyage is o'er !—As if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;

There softly and slowly sinks down on his
breast,

In the midst of his pastime enamor'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—

A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—

A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven !

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !

With rock-wall encircled—with precipice
crown'd—

Which, awake by the sun, thou can'st clear at
a bound.

'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth
keep

One bright spot of green for her favorite's
sleep ;

And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little
lake lies,

Where the creature at rest can his image be-
hold,

Looking up through the radiance, as bright and
as bold.

Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in
repose—

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,

With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee ;

The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the
wind,

And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling be-
hind.

In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with
death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the
heath,—

In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its
roar,—

In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no
more,—

Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy
reign :

—But what if the stag on the mountain be
slain ?

On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at
bay,

Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror
retreat

From the death that is spurn'd from his furious
feet :—

And his last cry of anger comes back from the
skies,

As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

We quote also a part of the Ad- dress to a Sleeping Child :

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?
A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it, at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love ;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.
Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high

May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim !

In these, and other poems which our limits will not admit of our extracting, it would be difficult to decide which we are most called upon to admire—the delicacy of sentiment, or the splendor of imagination, which pervade them. The faults of the less successful pieces in these volumes are, as we have already hinted, faults of exuberance and not of poverty ; and so keen an eye does Mr. Wilson direct to the external world, that his imagination seems as it were oppressed with the crowd of imagery that is forever rushing upon it ; so that in fact, the distinctness of his pictures is sometimes marred by the profusion of metaphors by which he attempts to illustrate them. With all these stirring and active propensities, however, Mr. Wilson seems to revel much more in the calm and secluded, than in the noisier and more bustling elements of our nature. He prefers pity and love, to war, remorse and discord ; the beauty of luxuriant summer, to winter's naked and howling desolation ; and what is genial, gentle, and kind, to that which is stern, stormy and repugnant. With all this, it can scarcely be affirmed that Mr. Wilson's pictures of human life are perfectly correct. He gives us human life to be sure—all of human life ;—but he adds something of his own imagining, which is far better. In his pages, earth is the garden of Eden—man but a grade lower than the angels—and human language poetry. His finer delineations of character have an unapproachable excellence ; they are invested with all that is bright or beautiful in human nature : and his pictures of moral degradation possess always many redeeming touches of pity

and pathos, which give their *dramatis personæ* a claim upon our esteem, instead of provoking our hatred ; and excite our commiseration, instead of calling for our reprehension or disgust. The truth is, that Mr. Wilson's genius is of too fine and ethereal a character for the grosser realities of earth ; and he cannot submit to the delineation of the deformed and untoward, without brightening them over with the color of his own rich fancy. Hence he has taken peculiar delight in reveling over the high and superstitious feelings which once held such paramount sway over the minds of his countrymen of the olden time—more especially, as was to have been expected, with whatever concerns that most beautiful and interesting part of the Gothic mythology, the Fairies. It is, perhaps, from what Mr. Wilson has written concerning these tiny phantoms of northern superstition, that his greatest claims to originality, as a poet, will hereafter rest.

But we must now bring this notice to a conclusion. As a moral poet, Mr. Wilson must ever rank very high. In his voluminous poetical works, there is not a single passage that conveys a sentiment even of doubtful application ; at least, we have never been so unfortunate as to meet with one, and our perusals have neither been few nor inattentive. Following the Greek dramatists, and Wordsworth, between whom a more striking affinity exists than has generally been suspected, Mr. Wilson has chosen simple, unadorned nature as his model, in preference to the artificial states of life ; and, like his great prototypes, has amply succeeded in proving that the elements of poetry are spread everywhere around us, alike in the varied beauty of external nature, and the simplest workings of human passion.

A WEEK AT CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1829.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

"Plus on voyage, plus on est content de son pays!"

BIDDING adieu to our friends at Smyrna, we sailed at daybreak on the morning of the —, and after encountering a tramontana and strong adverse current, we came to anchor on the evening of the third day of our departure off Tenedos, with the far-famed Trojan plain abreast of us. With but too many, classical enthusiasm in a sailor is regarded as sheer affectation; but in a scene of unrivaled beauty like this, with the Trojan plain commanded by the lofty range of Ida before us; behind, the distant Mount Athos rearing its lofty head above the low lands of Lemnos and Tenedos; on our right the ruins of Alexandria of Troas, and Lemnos; on our left the entrance of the Hellespont, and the high lands of Imbras and Samothrace—add to the crowd of recollections which rush on the mind while gazing on this splendid panorama the magical effect of an oriental sunset, and in this spot the indulgence of a school-boy recollection will, perhaps, escape the imputation of both pedantry and affectation.

We weighed anchor early the following morning, and passed the castles at the mouth of the Hellespont with a light breeze from the southward. With every stitch of canvass set, it was with difficulty that we made way against the strong adverse current. Among the crowd of souvenirs which rush on the mind in passing these celebrated straits, we dwell with peculiar delight on the story of Leander, associated as it is with the name of our own Byron, who, it may be recollected, swam across it with an officer of the Salsette frigate. This feat of his lordship has been much blazoned, though without reason, for he did not attempt the most difficult part, which was to swim back again.

Independent of the formidable castles which defend the entrance of the Hellespont, the guns of which are "*à fleur d'eau*," there is an extensive system of batteries and redoubts on the heights near Sigeeum and the opposite point of the Thracian Chersonnesus. As we reconnoitred with our glasses these formidable defences, we felt that, once in possession of the Russians, they would laugh to scorn the attempts of all Europe to dislodge them: even in the hands of the Turks, our squadron in 1807 found their position before them untenable.

In the evening we passed the town of Gallipoli, and held on our course through the night across the Sea of Marmora; the wind freshening from the southward. At an early hour in the morning, we came in sight of the village of San Stefano and the beautiful summer palace of the Sultan. We could now descry from deck the graceful minarets and swelling cupolas of the capital. By eleven we rounded the Golden Horn opposite Galata. Then it was that a panorama of unrivaled loveliness burst upon our enraptured vision, of which no description, however florid and accurate, can convey an adequate idea. In the course of a long naval career, it has been my lot to visit at different periods most of the beautiful spots on the surface of the globe—the Bays of Genoa and Naples, the romantic Cintra, Rio de Janeiro, and the more distant Sydney; but, beautiful as they certainly are, they must yield the palm of loveliness to Constantinople. On the Asiatic side, a succession of beautiful country houses, surrounded by vines and beautiful gardens; on the left an arm of the sea stretching far up into Europe, in the middle of which stands the

tower of Leander; while from the European shore rises Byzantium in gorgeous magnificence, a vast amphitheatre of reddish-colored buildings, beautifully intermingled with trees and the dark domes of mosques and bazaars, above which rise the lofty minarets, surmounted with the emblem of the Moslem faith, the crescent; the whole standing out in distinct relief from the dark-blue sky. But enough of description. On landing at Galata, the illusion produced on the mind by a distant view immediately vanishes. Such a compound of filth and wretchedness I never beheld. I was only astonished that the plague should ever cease its ravages in its narrow streets. At Pera the vision brightened, though the appearance of this celebrated Frank quarter greatly disappointed us. Its finest features are its barracks and cemeteries: the latter are indescribably beautiful. Barbarous though we style the Turks, how far superior are they in this point to the more civilized Europeans! There is an exquisite feeling of delicacy and religious respect for the dead, evinced by this people in the construction of their beautiful cemeteries, which must command our warmest admiration. Aware that our stay would be extremely short, we made the necessary dispositions for making the most of it. As a preliminary measure, we engaged an Italian "cicerone" whom we fell in with at an inn in Pera. On the following morning we pulled round the Seraglio Point to see the Sultan going in state to the mosque of the Sultan Achmet. The cortège was splendid, and realized to the fullest extent all my preconceived ideas of oriental pomp and magnificence. Mahmoud was mounted on a beautiful Arabian, and rode on without casting a look either to right or left. It was impossible to gaze on this extraordinary man without a deep feeling of interest and admiration. Nurtured in adversity, unawed by the experience of the past,

fierce and bloody insurrection at home, or foreign aggression from without, with an admirable singleness of purpose and unshaken firmness, he pursues his system of reform. I confess I am one of those who wish him success. A fine spectacle he certainly presents; and bloody and terrific as have been some acts of his career, it would be ungenerous not to give full weight to his peculiar position. The countenance of the Sultan wore an expression of sternness and hauteur almost bordering on ferocity, heightened by the most piercing pair of black eyes I ever beheld. Of his figure we could not judge, robed as it was in the ample folds of oriental costume.

To one accustomed to the monotony of European towns, the first view of Constantinople produces a singular effect on the mind—pleasing, certainly, from its novelty. The crowds of people of different nations, in their various and picturesque costumes, who swarm its narrow streets and lanes—the absence of horses and wheel carriages—a melancholy and desolate air which pervades everything, interrupted by an incessant noise of hammers and files, which, like many Portuguese towns, distinguish Stamboul—present to the eye of the stranger a picture unique in its kind, though, when the first charm of novelty had worn off, I think disgust would rapidly succeed. Our cicerone now led us to the seraglio, into the first court of which we penetrated: there was as usual a display of human heads. An air of desolation and melancholy seemed to hang over the vast area, the scene of so many bloody tragedies. A few Turks were lounging about with a listless air, which singularly contrasted with the hungry looks which a pack of half-starved dogs directed towards the human heads in the niches above them.

We made a hasty tour of the old town. The remains of antiquity greatly disappointed our expecta-

tions. Gibbon we set down as a "romancier." San Sophia, in external appearance, is decidedly inferior to the mosque of the Sultan Achmet and several others. Although the late events have infused into the character of the haughty Osmanlis a certain degree of courtesy towards foreigners, hitherto unknown, we ventured not to penetrate into the interior of any of the mosques. Most travellers complain of annoyance from the canine race, which infest the streets of Constantinople. I know not whether the complexion of the times had infected these animals, but we certainly did not experience the annoyance which the complaints of all visitors to the Ottoman capital had led us to expect.

Every officer of the ship feeling the greatest anxiety to lionize this celebrated capital, I was obliged to take my turn of duty on board, and thus lost two valuable days. On the morning of the fifth day, I started with a party on a trip up the Bosphorus to Therapia, where the Sultan was encamped with his favorite tacticoes. Nothing could surpass the loveliness of the scenery on either side the strait. The defences from the city to the castles at the mouth are extremely formidable, and had been lately strengthened, in expectation of an attempt on the part of the Russians. A British squadron of similar force to Admiral Grey's would most certainly have made a dash: he would have had the advantage of a strong current, which Admiral Duckworth had to contend against in forcing the Dardanelles. The Turkish encampment with its various-colored tents had a most picturesque appearance. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scite chosen for it. We were unfortunately disappointed in getting a glimpse of Mahmoud, whom we had been led to expect we should have found engaged in his favorite occupation of manœuvring the tacticoes. There were assembled at Therapia at the

moment of our visit several battalions of infantry, with some squadrons of lancers and artillery: the material of the latter agreeably surprised us. Upon the whole the tacticoes, to an eye accustomed to the beauty of European troops, cut a most sorry figure. Their firing was rapid and well concentrated, but in every other point they struck me as miserably deficient. Nothing can well be more ungraceful than the uniform of these new troops. Many grave writers have attempted to impute the opposition to the military reforms of the Sultan to a bigoted attachment to ancient costumes: for my own part, I am inclined to ascribe it to a very different cause—to the existence of that all-ruling passion, vanity. The Turks are a people passionately fond of dress, and their standard of taste is certainly fixed at an elevated point. With them, rank, privilege, caste, are all designated by the color or cut of a turban. A more dashing uniform would, I am convinced, have rendered the service more popular. What young effendi would exchange his graceful turban, richly-embroidered vest, scarlet pantaloons, and cachmere girdle, with its richly-mounted "bandgar," for the red skull-cap and unmartial costume of the tacticoes? Were an order issued from the Horse Guards, conceived in the economical spirit of a Hume, to dress our guards "*à la Tactico-turque*," almost every officer in the brigade would, I feel confident, sell out in disgust. The dashing uniforms of some of our staff-officers excited the admiration of the young Turks; with whom, as with our young dandies in the west, there is magic in the glitter of an epaulette, and music in the jingle of a spur. Notwithstanding their defective organization, these new troops behaved extremely well in the field, and on some occasions gallantly charged the Russian infantry at the point of the bayonet. There is much yet to be effected. The Ottoman army

has neither commissariat, hospital, or general staff; and they have yet to acquire the two most difficult points of the military art—that of directing, and the still more difficult one of subsisting large masses. We returned at a late hour on board, delighted with our excursion.

We had but one day left, and there was yet a great deal to be seen; but the wonders both of nature and art which enrich this celebrated capital have been too often described to need a repetition. After perambulating the bazaars and bezentians, tired with our walk, we entered a Turkish café. A café Turque has nothing in common with similar establishments in Europe but the name. They are circular buildings, generally with a porch. Elevated tables are ranged along the sides, covered with carpets or mats, on which the Turks sit smoking, or sipping their coffee. We were sufficiently masters of the Turkish language to order some cups of, in Turkey, this delicious beverage, and its usual accompaniment the pipe. One of our party preferred a cigar, which he was proceeding to ignite, when he was politely presented with a small amber tube by an officer of tactics seated near us. The Turks, votaries as they are of tobacco, never allow its aromatic leaf to come in contact with their lips. Our companion, in return, handed his cigar-case to the officer, who helped himself, returning, to our astonishment, his acknowledgments in very good French. Our new acquaintance, we found, had been for some time an attaché to the Turkish embassy at Paris. He had only returned to the capital a few days before from Chumla. Contrasted with former periods, he said, everything wore an air of the deepest gloom at Constantinople. We ventured to ask his opinion as to the probable success that would attend the extensive system of reform projected by Mahmoud, and already in partial operation: he answered with an ominous shake of the head. The vices

which are eating the vast edifice of the Turkish empire to the very core are of too inveterate a character to be reformed by mortal hand. Even though it were practicable, he added, the ambitious Muscovite would mar the execution. I could not help remarking that the bias of our friend's opinions, was decidedly unfavorable to the Russians, whom he regarded with mingled feelings of hatred and distrust.

We all regretted that our near departure would prevent our cultivating his acquaintance, from whom we should have doubtless derived much curious and valuable information relative to his interesting country. The press has lately teemed "ad nauseam" with productions on Turkey, forming an "olla podrida" of conflicting and contradictory statements that must satisfy the most superficial reader that the Turks have hitherto remained totally impervious to the eye of European scrutiny. Of the domestic circle of this singular people, we literally know little more than of the interior of the moon: their external features are alone familiar to us, and picturesque and splendid are they in the extreme. In Turkey, we travel back, as it were, into remote antiquity; at every step we discover traces of the primitive ages of mankind, venerable from their antique character, and interesting from their singular and beautiful contrast with the manners of Western Europe. With all its vices, there is in the Turkish character a native innate dignity which inspires respect, mingled at the same time with many traits well worthy the imitation of their more polished neighbors. I leave it to politicians to decide whether Europe would be a gainer by their being driven from its shores; but as the tall and graceful minarets of Stamboul were receding from our view, I ventured to indulge in the hope, that, should fate ever again lead me to its walls, I might not behold the Crescent of Mahomet replaced by the Eagle of the North.

MAN A WORKING BEING.

THE ample provision Nature has made for all creatures, is bestowed upon one indispensable condition ; but it is one that contributes to their pleasure, as well as promotes and secures their health : it is exertion. To this Catholic law of Nature man is submitted, and in a severer degree, as we may think when superficially viewing the subject, than all the other tribes of life. But to the stricter operation of this law, he owes the exercise of those powers, mental as well as bodily, by which he rises so greatly superior to them all. It is this which is the means of elevating him through the wide gradations of his own existence, from barbarism to the highest state of civilization. Moreover, the peculiar nature of that exertion which is required of him, in order to his sustenance, is the cause of that appropriation of the bounties of nature which is peculiar to his race, and which necessarily lays a foundation of those social and civil institutions which conduce so much to his prosperity. This appropriation, however, which was evidently, in the contemplation of the Creator, as necessary to his existence, involves those striking

inequalities in the distribution of the bounties of Nature, which have ever existed in human society, especially in its more civilized stages ; and these, again, the Creator has anticipated, implanting deep in the human breast those sacred impulses which prompt the fortunate to distribute of their superfluity to the destitute ; thereby awaking mutual feelings which heighten into pleasure, and more than compensate for the distresses in which they originate. It is thus that, watered by mingling tears of sympathy and sorrow, the heavenly plant of Divine Charity is seen rising in all its fragrance and beauty, and bearing its perennial fruits, which are for the healing of the nations. But this feeling is peculiar to man, and is evidently given him to remedy the tendencies of that appropriation to which animal creation is a stranger. Political economists, however, contemplate a system, which shall, in great measure, dispense with this distinguishing virtue of human nature, and which, if realized, would therefore rob humanity of its noblest attribute,—that in which it most resembles the Creator,—and leave it only the selfish instincts of the brutes that perish.

MARS DISARMED.

Av, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Though dire the burthen be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea :
The ruthless murderer prays and swears—
So let him swear and pray ;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.
We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, color'd lamps,
Huzzas, and epaulettes ;
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay ;
That horrid Bonaparté's dead ;—
Yes, take the sword away.
We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs ;
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs ;

We're quite content to rule the wave,
Without a great display ;
We're known to be extremely brave ;—
But take the sword away.
We give a shrug when fife and drum
Play up a favorite air ;
We think our barracks are become
More ugly than they were ;
We laugh to see the banners float ;
We loathe the charger's bay ;
We don't admire a scarlet coat ;—
Do take the sword away.
Let Portugal have rulers twain ;
Let Greece go on with none ;
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun ;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout ;
Let Algiers lose her Dey ;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out ;—
Bah ! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad ;
Our farmers say, with one consent,
It's all immensely bad ;
There was a time for borrowing,
And now it's time to pay ;
A budget is a serious thing ;—
So take the sword away.

And oh ! the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame—
The dread that o'er our heart-strings crept
With every post that came—

The home-affections, waged and lost
In every far-off fray—
The price that British glory cost !—
Ah ! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach ;
And Freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day :
But till we know a reason why,—
Take, take the sword away.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN LISBON.

A FOREIGNER, arriving by sea at Lisbon, imagines, on landing, that he has got among the most passionate and quarrelsome people in the world ; for the well-known vivacity of gesticulation with which the Italians accompany their conversation on the most trivial subjects is nothing in comparison with that of the Portuguese. Head, hands, legs, the whole body, are in constant motion. Add to this, that they speak very loud, and with a vehemence of which the natives of other countries cannot have any conception. Napoleon had four or five Portuguese regiments in his Russian expedition. They belonged—for the Portuguese always signalizes himself by personal courage—to the bravest troops of his army ; but, from their habit of speaking so loud, the place of their bivouac might always be known by the sound of their voices at the distance of half a league. I have been assured by French officers, that at the distance just mentioned they could find their way, at least in fine weather, to the Portuguese camp, even when thousands of soldiers of other nations were bivouacking about them, merely by following the sound.

To my joy I was met at the landing-place by a friend who was waiting to conduct me to the place of my destination in the great city. We had scarcely gone through two or three streets, when I noticed a custom, which, trivial as it may appear in itself, gave me a favorable

impression of the people. Probably the manifold, unusual, and not always agreeable, odors, operated on my olfactory nerves, and I could not help sneezing several times. All the men whom we passed, rich and poor, even though deeply engaged in conversation, instantly took off their cocked hats and ejaculated : *Dominus tecum !* "The Lord be with thee !" I have since had frequent occasion to observe that, when any person in a large company chanced to sneeze, all the others made a profound obeisance and said some civil thing or other, such as the above, or *Viva meu senhor !*—or if it was a female, the prettiest compliments were sure to be paid. But if the sneezing follows immediately after taking a pinch of snuff, no compliment is expected : the snuff-taker says after the first sneeze : *Nae face cazo, he rapé*—"Take no notice, 'tis only snuff." During my residence in Portugal I became so accustomed to this salutation that, after I left Lisbon, I was particularly struck by the omission of it in other countries.

With this civility towards persons of all classes, charity goes hand in hand. In the course of the day the Portuguese bestows alms on a host of beggars : but, if he means to give nothing, he takes off his hat to the applicant, with the words : *Deos o favorece inmaozinho !*—"God help thee, my brother !"—to which the beggar responds : *Seja pelo amor de Deos !*—"Be it

so for God's sake !"—and goes his way. Throughout all Portugal persons meeting out of the city salute each other, though perfect strangers : and foreigners may be easily known by the omission of this civility. When the ladies sit at the windows of their *quintas*, or villas, they are continually receiving salutations from every passenger. But, if a Portuguese meets in the street any one whom he knows and has not seen for a long time, he immediately clasps him in his arms, lifts him from the ground, and cries out, in a joyful tone, how fat and heavy he is grown, even though the person addressed is as thin as a lizard. If a Portuguese speaks of his deceased father, he always adds, at the same time taking off his hat, *que Deos haja*—"God rest him !" In like manner, in speaking of the king, he always uncovers his head and says : *A quem Deos garde*—"whom God preserve !"

After a sea-voyage of some weeks, a new-comer scarcely feels any want more sensibly than that of a barber. If, however, habit has not rendered it absolutely necessary to have continually a smooth chin, there is no occasion to be in any hurry about the operation of shaving at Lisbon. When I went for the first time with my Lisbon friend to the shop of his barber in the *Rua de Cotovia*, I saw perfectly well-dressed persons with beards an inch long, and had ocular demonstration of the truth of my friend's assurance, that it is not customary to submit to the razor oftener than once a week. The group before the barber's shop is always entertaining enough. His customers attract thither a female dealer in roasted chesnuts, who commonly squats cross-legged upon a pillow placed on the ground, having before her a chaffing-dish, which she keeps continually fanning with a piece of rag. She, on her part, draws to the spot a number of gallegos, or porters, in their shirt sleeves, with red caps, red waistcoats, blue

breeches, and bare legs, who like to loiter near such women, for the convenience of lighting their cigars. Against the corner of the house, beneath an image of the Blessed Virgin, leans one of the numberless beggars, all in rags, yet having the olive-colored mantle picturesquely thrown about him. A fat monk, whose brown mantle and white scapulary, upon which is sewed a red and blue cross, descend to his feet, also follows the trade of mendicant. Such are the standing concomitants of a Lisbon barber's shop.

But let us approach nearer. A green curtain is hung up to the door. A barber in Lisbon shaves, cuts hair, applies leeches, draws teeth, bleeds—and the latter is the chief occupation—on which account his shop may be easily known by a projecting pole and a sign-board, on which are painted white and red spiral lines. Much has been written on the advantage of shaving one's self : it was not till I reached Lisbon that I resumed this long-neglected practice, but not for the reasons common in other countries, for in this everything is uncommon. Barbers, like persons of all other professions, smoke myriads of cigars ; their thumbs, are, therefore, constantly covered with tobacco : now, to swell out your cheek and to keep it smooth they thrust without ceremony their left thumb into your mouth. In other respects the barbers of Lisbon are true copies of the favorite Barber of Seville, though they do not all sing, play, and look so well, as Rossini's Figaro. Owing to the custom of going for several days unshaved, they have but few customers in the week days before Thursday. There they sit outside their shop-doors, strumming upon a wretched guitar, looking and listening to all that is going forward like lynxes ; and with the news which they pick up in these leisure days they entertain their customers on those when they have business to do.

Nothing is so strongly indicative

of the appearance of the Portuguese in general as the title which the barber liberally bestows on any well-dressed stranger, namely, *homem di gravata lavada*, which is meant to denote a person of consequence, but literally signifies "a man with a clean cravat." A disposition to uncleanness is indulged to such a degree, especially by females, that they do not wash their faces even in the morning: in general they merely wet a corner of their handkerchief with their tongue and rub the forehead, eyebrows, and nose, with it. A singular contrast with this filthy habit is formed by the custom of bathing frequently in the Tagus. It is not the warmth of the climate that induces the Portuguese, and the fair sex in particular, to have recourse to this wholesale ablution, but the circumstance that the gentlemen of the faculty recommend bathing for all sorts of complaints. Blessings on the philanthropist who first broached this doctrine! But for this custom nine-tenths of the women of Lisbon would never get a washing from the day of their baptism to that of their death. In the summer months you see whole families repairing to the landing-places where the *estrais*, or Tagus boats, lie, with servants behind them carrying bundles containing linen and the bathing equipage. People of all classes, who can but raise the price charged for the hire of such a boat, and even persons of the highest rank, of both sexes, conform to this general practice. The usual place is the strand of *Jumquiera*, directly opposite to the palace of the patriarch, and here may be seen at least a

hundred bathing boats at all hours of the morning, and even so late as ten or eleven o'clock. The boats, in general painted red and blue, the favorite colors of the Portuguese, have a cheerful appearance, but what gives them a very singular look is a pair of enormous black eyes, figured on the head of the boat, which is left white. The peaked head often terminates in the figure of a serpent, dolphin, or other animal; and the stern is generally decorated with a *Nostra Senhora* of wood or iron, always garnished with ribands of every color; and her figure is also painted on the sides and helm. The chief peculiarity of these boats consists in the curtains with which the stern is completely enclosed. Before they push off, every one on board makes the sign of the cross over the face and breast to prevent mishaps. The boats are anchored in four or five feet water, and, the curtains being drawn close, all round, the female members of the family may undress as privately as in their own bed-chambers. They then put on a bathing gown of very thick woollen stuff, so that the shape is not to be distinguished. The men likewise undress and put on a woollen jacket and trowsers; they leap first into the water and swim about the boat till the ladies intimate that they are ready; when the latter are received by the gentlemen and conducted down the two or three steps attached to the side of the vessel. Then ensues a splashing and laughing and coughing and spitting, and jokes, delicate or otherwise, are sported, till the whole party gets on board again and returns home.

THE JESUITS' COLLEGE AT FREIBURG, IN SWITZERLAND.

It is well known to every newspaper reader that, for some time before the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, the journalists of that country had been denouncing the increasing influence of the Jesuits,

and the tendency of that influence to check the progress of liberal ideas, and to encourage arbitrary measures. These complaints were not unfounded, for, to obtain any appointment or promotion, either

civil or military, it was requisite for a father to prove that his son had received a good christian education, or, in other words, that he had been brought up at a Jesuits' College. It will scarcely be believed in England, but it is not the less true, that, for the reason just mentioned, many parents in the Protestant city of Geneva sent their children for education to Freiburg, the capital of the Swiss canton of the same name, where the fathers of the Order of Jesus have one of their most celebrated academical institutions. The following description of this establishment is the result of observations made on a visit to it by the writer in the summer of the present year.

Last June I went to Freiburg, with a gentleman of Geneva, whose object was to place his son with the Jesuits there, and took some pains to learn as much as I could in the course of two or three days concerning their institution. Figure to yourself a spacious edifice, forming an oblong quadrangle, four stories high, with four hundred and ninety-eight windows. Such a number must admit light enough in all conscience, you would say. This stately building is seated, like a citadel, on the most elevated point in the town. At the entrance we were received by a porter in the black habit of the Order; with great politeness, he had a remarkably keen eye. As soon as we were inside, the double iron gate was again locked, just as it would be in a prison or a penitentiary. The porter then gave several strokes with a large brass knocker, which immediately brought forward three young *Patres*, whose duty it is, on the application of strangers, to show them the institution, much in the same manner as the Chinese mandarins did Lord Macartney, or as flags of truce are conducted through besieged fortresses. At a rapid pace, with which we could scarcely keep up, we were led through the spacious, cheerful, light, and clean cor-

ridors. We could not help admiring the order which pervaded the kitchens, refectories, and wardrobe-rooms: the utmost cleanliness every where prevails, even in the minutest circumstances. By means of ingenious contrivances all that passes there may be observed.

You are then taken into the large, airy courts, and into the gardens, where the pupils play, wrestle, run, and amuse themselves: in bad weather they assemble in the halls of recreation, where there are billiard-tables, a pretty theatre, a bazaar with all kinds of playthings; in short, nothing is wanting to the physical well-being and amusement of the students. Gentleness and kindness seem to prevail throughout, for the very language of the teachers is gentle and kind. But further attention shows their incessant observation of their pupils; not a movement, not a gesture, not the most indifferent expression, nay, not even a word escapes them: all these must be noted down with the utmost minuteness in a book, and this book is referred to every evening, when each student is required to give an account of what he has done during the day. This is an invariable practice. Wo, then, to the youth, who forgets any petty fault, or out of false shame omits to mention it! Overseers, with a hundred Argus-eyes, have watched and committed to writing all that has been said in the hours of instruction, of play, and even in sleep. To report is the first and most strictly enforced law of the house and the Order. Notwithstanding the mild and honeyed words of these fathers of Jesus, their punishments are extremely severe and humiliating. Some years since, young Courvoisier ran away from the Jesuits' College at Brieg, and wandered about for a whole fortnight in the mountains of the Valais, in the month of December, without proper clothing or food.

All this, however, might be pass-

ed over, if their mode of instruction were better ; in this point they are at least a couple of centuries behind-hand. Their class-books are—in history Father Loriquet ; in natural philosophy the Abbé Nollet ; in Greek, fragments from St. Basil and St. Gregory ; and in modern French literature, only Batteux and some select Fables and extracts from Funeral Orations. The instruction in mathematics is contemptible ; philosophy is wretchedly taught in dog-Latin, and so is the common law. Many a professor who here astounds by his knowledge would be refused a bachelor's degree at Geneva or Lausanne.

The professor of chemistry and the natural sciences, here called the *Père Physicien*, is the only one who is at all equal to his situation. He is a native of Flanders, makes philosophical observations, and is in correspondence with the French and German literati. The cabinet of natural history, which the Abbé has presented to the College of Freiburg, is placed under his superintendence.

We were told that, in the first months of 1828, there were upwards of three hundred students at this place, but now there are only one hundred and eighty. To these, however, must be added sixty pupils in the Jesuits' academy at Estavayer. In this institution also is shown the skill with which the Jesuits contrive to attach to the Order such students as are distinguished by the proper qualities or talents, or who are likely to be serviceable to it by their connexions or their rank in society : thus a young Count Stolberg was last year appointed a teacher at this place ; and the government, and the principal families of Freiburg, more especially attest their success in this particular. Two thirds of the students are natives of Freiburg ; the other third come from France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Savoy. The French belong almost exclusively to those departments which are marked black in Dupin's celebrated map, exhibiting the state of civilization and intelligence in France.

THE SPECTRAL DOG—AN ILLUSION.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr. Hibbert ; and so, after him, says almost everybody now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy, and an irritable nervous temperament ; and the report of a real *bona fide* ghost, or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion ; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged *optical delusion* ; and I have no doubt

that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their own observation.

Mr. D—— was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford,—a scholar, “a ripe and good one,”—a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding ; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister ; preached twice, willingly, every Sunday ; and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr. D——.

He had been officiating on Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles' distance from London, and was walking homewards enjoying the tranquillity of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles distant from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round, on both sides; but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces further, when he again heard precisely similar sounds! but with a running accompaniment—if I may be allowed a pun—of the pit-pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. D—— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; "why, really, that's *very* odd—very!—Surely I could not have been mistaken again?" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a *little* trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking-stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr. D—— passed over "*erectis auribus*," and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted

his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right-hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path-side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past—as he described it—by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog—of a *blue* color! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him—he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, [to which he himself compared it,] and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The color, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim-decaying fire-coals, as it looked up composedly in his face. He poked about his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible—impalpable—in short as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D—— hurried on a few steps, and again looked;—there was the dog! Now the reader should be informed that Mr. D—— was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bed-side of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

"Whan *can* it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison—"oh, it must be an *optical delusion*—oh, 'tis clearly so! nothing in the word worse! that's all. How odd!"—and he smiled, he thought very unconcernedly;—but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness instantly darkened his features

with the hue of apprehension. If it really *was* an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valor is discretion, says Shakspeare; and in all things; so, observing a stage passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr. D——, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for *one* inside; and in stepped Mr. D——, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes' riding, he suddenly opened his eyes—and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some unaccountable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

"I—I—hope THE DOG does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr. D——, a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

"A dog sir, did you say?" inquired several, in a breath.

"Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D——, with a faint smile; "I—I thought—in short, I find I've been *dreaming*; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed except Mr. D——, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog lying motionless at his feet. He was now

certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavored to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the *philosophy* of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q. E. D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He *felt* its pressure! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity. Mrs. D—— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D—— opened the windows, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D——, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed—plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropt at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom *was* really no longer visi-

ble, he told the whole to Mrs. D—, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, it was “something supernatural,” and, good lady, “Mr. D— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand !” Four times subsequently to this did Mr. D— see the spectral visitant—in nowise altered either in its manner, form, or color. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone.—He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology ; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement, of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve ; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One

thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been lately a little out of order, and everybody knows the intimate connexion between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanine color too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same, at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it utter sounds,—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him.—I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related ; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr. D— displayed.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

THE nuts hang ripe upon the chesnut boughs,
And the rich stars send forth their clear blue light,
O'er glistening leaves, and flowers that, fond as love,
Perfume the very dew that bows their heads,
And lays their sweet and quiet beauty low,
And dream-like voices float upon the ear,
With mingling harmony of birds and trees,
And gushing waters ! Beautiful is Night—
And beautiful the thoughts she calls to birth,
The hopes which make themselves immortal wings ;
The memories, that slow and sadly steal,
Like moonlight music, o'er the watching heart :
Yet, with a tone thus light, stirring the mind
To themes beyond a trumpet's breath to rouse,
My spirit wakes 'mid sad remembrances
Of one who shone the beauty of our vale,
The idol of our homes—our Village Queen !
Methinks I see her now—the graceful girl !
The shadowy richness of her auburn hair,
Half parted o'er a brow white as the bloom
Of the wild myrtle flower ; and eyes whose hue
Was like the violet's, with more of light ;
A silent poetry dwelt in their depths—
A melody inaudible ! Her neck—

Oh, elegant and fair as the young dove's !—
Gave to the mild expression of her form
The grace that artists study. Thus she look'd
Ere early blight had wasted her fine bloom,
And dimm'd the gladness of her starry eyes.
Her house was small, but very beautiful :
A pastoral cot, with mountain, rock, and vale,
And pleasant water—all that constitutes
A picture of romance, a summer home !
There, like a rose, she grew from infancy
The blessing of a widow'd mother's heart—
Light of her eyes—the dial of her mind,
Round which her thoughts revolved.

An orphan youth,
The offspring of a distant relative,
Dwelt with the aged matron and her child
And rose to manhood 'neath their generous roof :
Alas, for the return !—'T is strange that one
So mild and gentle in her loveliness,
Whose life was simple as the wilding broom,
And happiest in the shade, should nurse so fond,
So deep, a passion for a youth, whose moods
Were ever wayward, gloomy, wild, and bold,
Jealous and proud—the passionate reverse
Of her sweet, guileless self ! And yet she loved,

With that intense affection, that deep faith,
Which knows no change, and sets but in
the tomb!

'T were vain to trace how step by step he
fell—

How, deed by deed, he darken'd into guilt,
And perish'd in his crimes!

Sweet Eleanor!

Pale, blighted girl!—she wither'd fast, like
those

Who have no earthly hope; and still she
smiled,

And said she should be happy soon, and
breathed,

Like a young dying swan, her music tones
Of parting tenderness into that fount

Which might not hold them long—a mother's
heart!

Oh! youth is like the emerald, which throws

Its own *green* light o'er all! Even to the
last,

She spoke of brighter hours, of happier
days,

Of nights that bring no sorrow—no regret;
That she would love *none* but her mother

now,
And *she* henceforth should be the world to
her.

Do you behold where the lone rising moon
Tinges with holy light the village spire,

And braids with silver the far cypress
boughs,

Bending, like mercy, o'er the sorrowing
brow,

And lonely heart, the weary and the worn?
There, in her early tomb, reclines the
pride

And beauty of our vale—the Village Queen.

ETIQUETTE OF FALLEN ROYALTY.

CHARLES X. was served [during the journey to Cherbourg] by his "officers of the mouth," who waited upon him in full dress, with bags, silk stockings, and swords by their sides. A rich proprietor, who resided in a château near L'Aigle, made an offer of his mansion for a resting-place on the march. This hospitable invitation was accepted, and Monsieur C. hastened home to make preparations for his majesty's reception the next day. The best apartments in the house, consisting of a saloon, bed-chamber, and a large closet, in general occupied by the proprietor's mother, was destined for the King. Separate chambers for the ladies, &c. disposed of the rest of the house, all but one small room, which the worthy man retained for himself and family; while his son-in-law and his wife were consigned to an outhouse. Having with great trouble made all ready, at seven in the morning a waggon arrived, loaded with plate and furniture, attended by many cooks and other servants. That important personage the *maître d'hôtel*, M. Hocquart, then made his appearance. Upon surveying the apartments he declared that it would not be possible for his majesty to sleep there without new arrangements. He stated that no

King of France could possibly pass the night without a chamber attached to his own sufficiently large for his personal attendants, and that he must have a different suite of rooms. As this was impossible, matters were accommodated by removing the bed into the saloon.

In the kitchen, the royal cooks took possession of every oven and culinary utensil. M. Hocquart complained bitterly that, out of twenty cooks who had left Rambouillet, nine had deserted, leaving *only* eleven to dress the dinners for the royal party and their attendants. He requested that twenty-five women, to assist in the kitchen, might be sent for to L'Aigle, which was accordingly done. Before dinner the royal party arrived. Two tables were ordered, one of eight covers for the ex-king and family, and one of twenty-five for the suite.

Previously to the serving up of the repast, the *maître d'hôtel* entered to see that all was in order, but was dreadfully shocked on finding that the eight covers were laid on a round table. He asked Mons. C. if he were really so ignorant as not to know that no King of France had dined at a round table for the last three centuries, and said that it must be immediately altered. The worthy host replied that he had no

other ; the man in office thereupon called for a saw, saying that it must be cut to the requisite shape. Mons. C. here interposed, as we may well suppose his patience was exhausted, and would not permit his furniture to be spoiled ; thus, for the first time, during so many ages, the fa-

mily of the Bourbons dined off a round table ! At a former place of sojourn, a table was actually cut by an upholsterer to the form required. As a mark of gratitude for the trouble given and expense incurred, the host was invited to dine with the attendants, which honor he refused.

EASTERN STORY TELLERS.

IN Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found, and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very much the effect of their narrations. In Cairo, the want of water, the burning heat, and the dry, gloomy, and dusty streets, are great foes to the imagination, as well as the desert that spreads on every side. In Constantinople the beauty of the external scenery cannot be surpassed—the river and its enchanting shores ; but the scantiness of water in the interior of the city decreases very much the luxuries of its people, who love, beyond everything, the sight and sound of falling water in their apartments. In the capital of Syria, almost all the coffee-houses have splendid fountains, that are thrown up, some of them, to the height of six or seven feet ; and it is delightful to recline on one of the soft seats near them, and listen to the ceaseless rush and fall,—while the very sight of them, in so hot a clime, is like the face of a friend. The abundance of water, from the five streams that flow around the city, is incredible. The Assyrians might well complain, in their inroads into the promised land, of the scarcity of its rivers, and boast that there was nothing like their own Abana and Pharpar. In some of these houses of recreation, whose latticed windows, thrown open, admit the air, the wealthier people form dinner parties, of men only. Seated in a circle on the carpet, with the various dishes on low tables before them, they eat slowly and carelessly, conversing at intervals, without any of the *gout*

or joviality that wine inspires. Every good private dwelling in Damascus has its fountain, and this is invariably in the best apartment ; it being a luxury, or rather a necessity, that few inhabitants care to do without : an Englishman would as soon live in an uncarpeted house. And round the marble basin, or in the divan just beyond it, the host at evening receives his friends ; and they sit, and smoke, and calmly converse the hours away. This is the time when the wealthier families sometimes send for a celebrated story-teller to amuse the party ; and when the latter knows he is to be handsomely paid, it is a more *recherché* opportunity than the public companies afford. It is the sultry hour of noon, perhaps, when the burning rays are on the water, the trees, and green banks that surround the scene of indolence and indulgence ; the light roof supported by the slender pillars casts a shade on the peopled floor, on which the well and variously-dressed Turks recline, some in small wickered chairs, others on long and softer benches, covered and backed with carpets and cushions. These seats are placed close to the river's edge ; and earth has nothing more luxurious than to sit here, in the cool of the day, or in the still hour of night, and listen to the rush of the waters, and gaze on the gleaming of the cataract ; then put the amber-tipped and scented pipe to the lips, or turn to the throng of many nations around, all silently enjoying the hour.

THE GATHERER.

"Little things have their value."

Prince Talleyrand.—The Prince is well known to be one of the wittiest of his day, —and wit upon one's self is the best defence against the satire of others. A newspaper correspondent, giving an account of the prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, "the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character." This was shown to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked, "It must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful sea-sickness I experienced in coming over!"

Worship in Russia.—Let a person be ever so religious, he has the greatest difficulty to refrain from laughing, when he sees so many genuflections and so many crosses made before a trumpety image, beside which some simpleton has placed a lighted taper. You can seldom pass the gate of the Kremlin, without seeing some old woman or other of the lower class, notwithstanding the carriages, striking her head in her pious zeal for an hour together against the muddy pavement. How often have I seen a long-bearded hypocrite, holding a relic to be kissed by a poor young girl, who firmly believed that the pious offering of a few copecks could secure her father or her lover from the murderous sabres of the Turks! No droschka driver fails to make the sign of the cross as he passes the image of any saint at the corner of a street, and even the shopkeeper does not forget to cross himself before he cheats you out of your cash. But it is in the churches that the absurdity of all this pious mummary is most striking. Place yourself near the altar, if you would observe the truly comic movements of all those backs that bend, of all those heads that bow, in concert. Old and young, men and women, devotees with grey beards and without any beards at all, follow this religious cadence with wonderful precision.

Anecdote of Cavendish.—He was shy and bashful to a degree bordering on disease; he could not bear to have any person introduced to him, or to be pointed out in any way as a remarkable man. One Sunday evening he was standing at Sir Joseph Banks's in a crowded room, conversing with Mr. Hatchett, when Dr. Ingenhousz, who had a good deal of pomposity of manner, came up with an Austrian gentleman in his hand, and introduced him formally to Mr. Cavendish. He mentioned the titles and qualifications of his friend at great length, and said that he had been peculiarly anxious to be introduced to a philosopher so profound and so universally known and celebrated as Mr. Cavendish.

As soon as Dr. Ingenhousz had finished, the Austrian gentleman began, and assured Mr. Cavendish that his principal reason for coming to London was to see and converse with one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. To all these high-flown speeches Mr. Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, quite abashed, and confounded. At last, spying an opening in the crowd, he darted through it with all the speed of which he was master; nor did he stop till he reached his carriage, which drove him directly home.

Homer.—In putting with Homer, I cannot forbear once more, and for the last time, earnestly advising such of my readers as are really desirous of acquiring a pure and healthful taste, and a clear and vigorous style, to study the Homeric poems with care and perseverance. It is too generally the case that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, from the comparative facility of their construction, are classed as *school* books only; but in truth they are fit to be the studies of every age and of all men. If there be such a thing as a royal road to a just and manly feeling of what is great and animated in poetry, it is to be found in a knowledge of Homer. To be Homeric, is to be natural, lively, rapid, energetic, harmonious; the ancient critics used the epithet as a collective term to express these qualities, however exhibited. They called Sophocles, Homeric—Pindar, Homeric—Sappho, Homeric; because all three have that clearness, picturesqueness, and force, which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain in perfection. Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer, head and heart speak and are spoken together. Morbid peculiarities of thought or temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe and the earth upon which we tread, and his vivacious spirit animates like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean.—*Coleridge on the Study of the Classics.*

Taste.—We heartily commend the following paragraph to the notice of the ladies:—"May we not be permitted to regret that so few of our fair artists prefer studying the freshness of nature, to copying incessantly gaudy heaps of flowers designed by very second-rate talent? Void of botanical accuracy, they have the

appearance of, and in many instances are drawn from artificial flowers, and grouped without regard to time or season. Drawing successfully from nature is not so difficult as is supposed, and the slightest sketch of the wildest flower gathered from a common is more gratifying to the eye of taste, than "shadows of a shade," however laboriously they may be finished."

Botany in Denmark.—Botany shares, with chemistry, the little attention paid to science in Copenhagen. It is indeed the favorite study in Denmark. It is taught in some of the learned schools; and besides those whose course of study requires them to attend lectures on botany, there are also a few who study it as amateurs. I have seen (says a traveller) in North Jutland a party of half-a-dozen proceeding along the road with their vasculus slung over their shoulders. But the value set upon it in general does not appear to be very great. "At the lectures which are given *gratis*," said Horneman, "I have perhaps a hundred pupils; mais quand il faut payer, ma foi! je n'ai qu'un vingtaine." "And what is the fee?" "Five dollars!" about 18s. English.

From the Travels of Mrs. Colonel Elwood.—I am inclined to think, that all we are told of the imprisonment of the seraglio is a great mistake. I suspect the Turkish ladies are under no more restraint than princesses and ladies of rank in our country; and the homage that is paid them seems infinitely greater. The seclusion of the harem appears to be no more than the natural wish of an adoring husband to guard his beloved from even the knowledge of the ills and woes that mortal man betide. Whilst he himself dares danger in every form, he wishes to protect "his lady-bird—the light of his harem," from all trouble and anxiety. He would fain make her life "a fairy tale;" he would not even let "the winds of Heaven visit her face too roughly;" and as we carefully enshrine a valuable gem, or protect a sacred relic from the profane gaze of the multitude, so does he, on the same principle, hide from vulgar ken his best, his choicest treasure—"his ain kind dearie." The Turks, in their gallantry, consider the person of a woman sacred; and the place of her retreat, her harem, is always respected. Nay there have been instances where persons have fled for protection to their enemy's seraglio, and been thereby saved.

Gossamer.—It is generally supposed that the silver lines which cross our pathway in autumnal mornings, or the threads that hang, laden with dew-drops, from branch to branch, or from bank to bank of the murmuring rivulet, are the bridges by which the industrious spider travels from these opposite situations. A French naturalist has, however, just published a very ingenious statement, in which he asserts that the spider weaves himself a wing of network from limb to limb,—or, to speak scientifically, from anterior to posterior

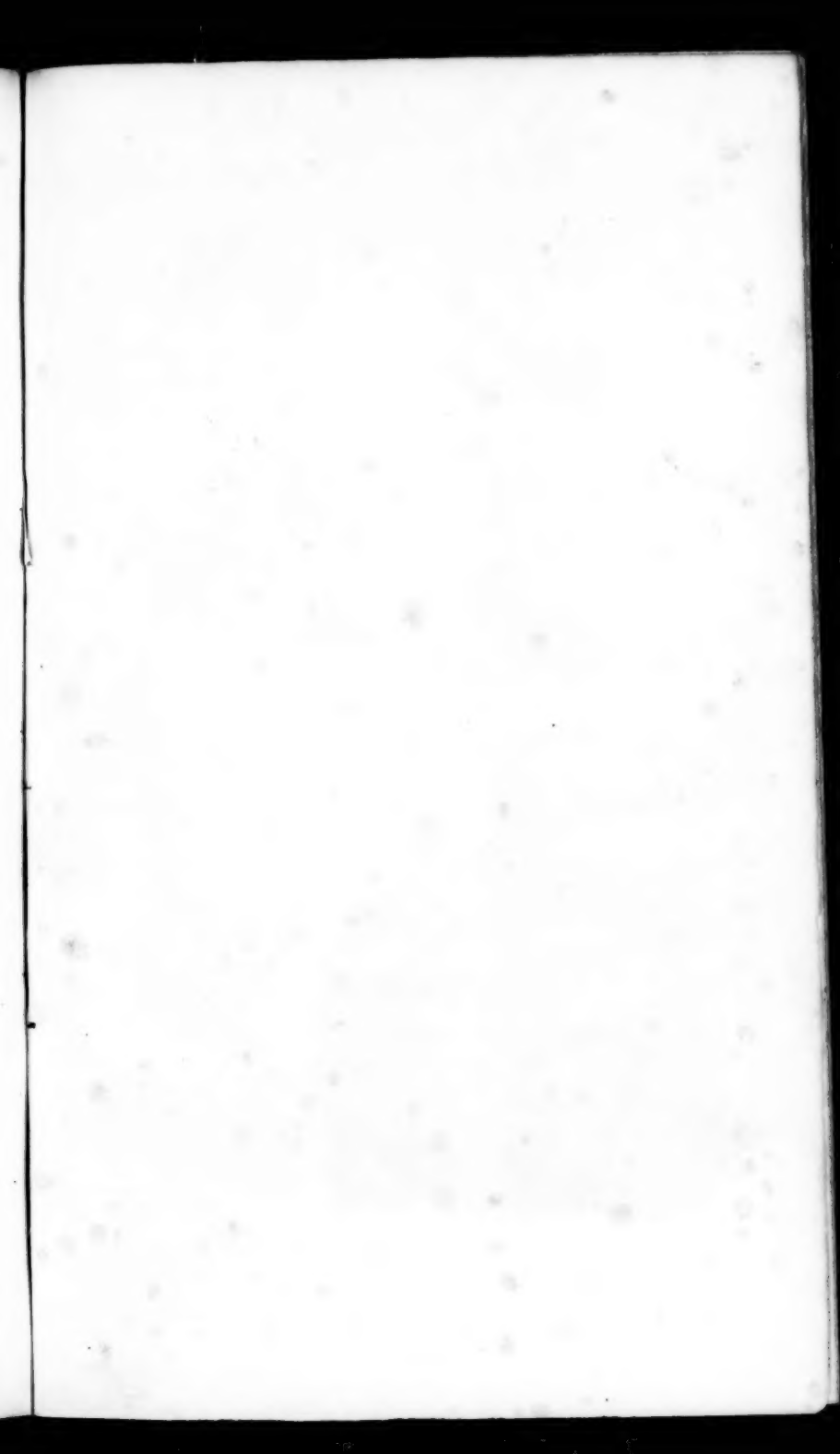
extremities, as in the flying squirrel,—and that, by this contrivance, the insect can traverse considerable spaces, and leaves a thread behind for his evening return. It will be observed, that this does not exactly account for the "gossamer's wing" being seen from steeple-tops.

Method of obtaining the Skeletons of Fish.—Mr. Bluell's plan is to suspend a fish in a vessel full of water, into which he introduces a number of tadpoles, which devour the flesh, without injuring the bones. The tadpoles should be taken as small as possible; at the end of four and twenty hours the skeleton will be cleaned, but the water must be renewed several times.

Generous Book-Lender.—Michael Begon, who was born at Blois, in 1638, was possessed of a valuable library, which was free of public access. In most of his books was written, "Michaelis Begon et amico-rum," i. e. the property of Begon and his friends; and when he was once cautioned by his librarian against lending his books, for fear of losing them, he replied, "I would rather lose them than seem to distrust any honest man."

Literary Footmen.—These consist of persons who, without a single grain of knowledge, taste, or feeling, put on the livery of learning, mimic its phrases by rote, and are retained in its service by dint of quackery and assurance alone. As they have none of the essence, they have all the externals of men of gravity and wisdom. They wear green spectacles, walk with a peculiar strut, thrust themselves into the acquaintance of persons they hear talked of, get introduced into the clubs, are seen reading books they do not understand at the museum and public libraries, dine (if they can) with lords or officers of the guards, abuse any party as *low* to show what fine gentlemen they are, and the next week join the same party to raise their own credit and gain a little consequence, give themselves out as wits, critics, and philosophers (and as they have never done anything, no man can contradict them), and have a great knack of turning editors, and not paying their contributors.

The Age.—The present time may well be compared to an army in full march. All have decamped and are on the road. Some however, cry, Halt! and appoint bounds where they shall stop. But though a part halts for a moment to see what there may be, the bulk still goes on; and, anon, those who stopt at the bounds find themselves deserted, and their words of command vanishing away; for there is no one who understands them any more,—and miserable is their plight. Awhile they may beguile themselves in the company of stragglers; at last, however, they will find themselves left alone, as the Age has passed by, and they are living in a world altogether foreign to them. So it has happened in manufactures, in trade, and also in politics.





EVENING DRESS.

MORNING DRESS.

For Cotton's Athenaeum.